

**Oil spills:
northern time bomb**

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JULY 21, 1980

\$1.00



**CAN
REAGAN
RUN
AMERICA?**



The Pool Opening -

Pool Opening-

Warming up the house takes on a whole new meaning. So imagine how far a pool has to be swimming if it's so you don't have to get out of the water and go back inside with a difference. Reclining in a hot tub is a whole different ball game. And you share the luxury with an ice cold beer. The best part is clear though. The cookies that leave you beautiful are assembled with the best. And you sit slowly, so you don't get in your GANT head.

Smashoff Style

Smitoff Style

JULY 21 1987

卷之三十一

► One benefit from

A nearly nine-month-long ordeal in Iran ended for American Richard Gossen when he was unexpectedly released and flown to Germany for medical tests. **Page 28**

What Do You?

Page 18

GOALS SET

Can be run stand-alone

The pots The pundits and the temper of the times all say Ronald Reagan may be the last-link-between us & history & decent & accountable government. The question now being asked is: can he run America? MacLean's Los Angeles correspondent William Bodie provides some of the answers and in an exclusive interview presents the former governor's views on diplomatic backtracking Canada's relationship with the U.S. Page 17

Too sick to do

A rich man who has lots of money who starved to death; a big city where he grinded at the market because the wheat was too expensive in the mill. High drama in

No static solution

Until now, environmental regulation of offshore drilling has been almost academic, but oil companies approach regulation they may also be approaching disaster. Page 42

CONTENTS

Editorial	3	Coron and Huo... grassroots diplomacy	3	Setting fire with no risk solutions	44
Bookstage Parcs	4	sunken treasure mission women's art	4	Ideas	44
Book Review: Maurice P. Stimpson	4	Canada	26	The auction boom... try for sick kids	44
This Canada	5	The Riel's "soft men" stimulation request	26	Behavior	46
Migraines are still at it	5	constitution charter values + money	47	Little green men and mutated cows	46
Follow-up	15	Albertans' broken money - poached salmon	48	Books	48
Q & A: S. E. Hayakawa	15	on the house that raised	48	Films	51
Local opponent of bilingual education	15	Business	35	The Blue Lagoon: The Big Red One	51
Letters	34	Holding the pipeline... a first Toronto	53	Theater	53
U.S.A.	37	Helix light US sub-red	53	The Phryne Fisher... on the Riz and A	53
Can Reagan van America? result in the sun	37	People	38	Reproducible Poetry Festival Lemmington	53
		Treat Frazza/Sports Column	40	Alan Parsons' Birmingham	96

Suddenly, everyone's a 'Gaullist'

By Merv McDonald

You will see," a belatedly Charles de Gaulle over turned to a confidante. "After my death, they will all be Gaullists." Not quite 10 years after his burial at the time Lorraine village of Colombey-les-Belles, that prediction rings with exactly the measure of general mowé for which the founder of the French Fifth Republic was noted. Last month, as France celebrated the 40th anniversary of de Gaulle's first assault on the national consciousness—in his ringing June 18, 1940, radio appeal from London calling on Free French to reject the Nazi invaders with whom the Vichy regime had just signed a collaborationist truce—politicians of every persuasion, including those who had bitterly opposed him in his lifetime, were scrabbling over one another onto the Gaullist bandwagon to proclaim themselves his true heirs.

From Major Jacques Chirac, the hirsute leader of the revamped Gaullist party, the Rally for the Republic (RPR), led 80,000 marchers on foot to Colombey, where de Gaulle's gigantic marble cross towers over the cemeteries as imposingly as his long shadow still broods. Even French socialist François Mitterrand, who has been the Gaullist's antagonist to his own ambition in preparation for next year's presidential elections, was undeterred by the absence from his role of most of the general's old trusted "sons"—slated by Chirac's expedient ideological sieve and tasks.

In Paris, an orgy of Gaullist nostalgia and sound and light banquets was capped off with fireworks. But the loudest blast came at the news that President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing planned to make a speech at the tributary church of Mont Valérien—site place where de Gaulle had always maintained a respectful silence. To the Gaullists, Giscard's intention was a patent heresy... yet one more example of how the general's heritage was being exploited and twisted by the men they regard as his ultimate betrayers (During France's 1988 constitutional referendum, Giscard, then an influential member of the National Assembly, broke ranks to urge a no vote which eventually was not, providing de Gaulle's downfall.) The Gaullist outrage forced Giscard to find a different podium.

Gaullists have never forgave Giscard's treason, but it is not by any means the only one of which they accuse him. Indeed, in the wake of the world overthrow caused by the president's current foreign policy quagmire, the focus underscores the difference between what de Gaulle stood for and what Giscard seems to. (On April 18, 1989, miffed and angry—“France has had a battle but France has not lost the war”—was the shot that set off the minister, a stubborn refusal to collaborate and be appraised the followed

that same course later, as president. Yet for all his noisy anti-Americanism and haughty international independence, when the Berlin and Cuban missile crises threatened the balance of power there was not the slightest hesitation: he threw in his shapely lot with the alien Giscard's international fancy framework ever since the Russian invasion of Afghanistan has been nearly Chapter 2 in de Gaulle's go-it-alone tradition—or so claim Giscard's supporters. Still to most perceptive observers and in the Gaullists themselves, Giscard's policy is completing the contrary—a diplomatic disease that is taking on all the aspects of rather too obliging a viscount to the tune of Soviet appeasement. The fact that France missed only a wild and belated protest as Russia invaded Afghanistan, that the French Olympic team is being dispatched to Moscow with the blessing of government funding and that the French ambassador is the only Western donor man not to boycott the May Day festivities in Moscow's Red Square is in them a betrayal of all that de Gaulle fought for. The general would have demanded his indignation, they cry, and flown off to Warsaw to bicker with Brezhnev at the risk of shattering his spine. Albeit frost, or not argument in Vienna for unanimity with the Kremlin.

An interesting member of Giscard's soft show with the Soviets is the most blithant form of electorating—an attempt to buy what *Le Monde* editor Jean-François Revel branded “the closest approximation of the French Communist party” in next year’s presidential race. As long as the Comex crowd doesn’t swing their 20 percent of the popular vote behind a Socialist candidate, the president can be assured of stepping into another seven-year term. It is precisely to shore up the numbers once that former prime minister Michel Delbet last month threw his hat into the presidential深水区. His candidacy weakens the Gaullist core party, over France’s largest, and it therefore in the end only to benefit Giscard.

In an open letter to his fellow Gaullists, Pierre Juillet, former controller to the late Georges Pompidou, revealed the general’s historic appeal for an “immense army” to rise up in protest—this time in protest against Giscard. But he ended by musing pensively that perhaps a new cataclysmic would have to occur. As the Gaullists know only well, the phenomenon inspired by the general was born out of the liquidation of Vichy. And the same odd but indicated France’s growing attachment to de Gaulle’s legend revealed two pieces of bad news for the Gaullists. Frenchmen generally approve Giscard’s policies and, in retrospect, those that Marshal Henri Philippe Petain, head of the Vichy régime, was right to sign an armistice with Hitler.



Merv McDonald is Maclean's correspondent in Paris

Initial impressions are lasting.

V.O.

Seagram's V.O.

Canada's most respected 8 year old whisky. Only V.O. is V.O.

But it can happen here

By Maurice F. Strong

As one who cherishes his Canadian roots, I have always considered a world without Canada unthinkable. But today the question must be regarded as a real possibility, for the future of Canada cannot be taken for granted. History demonstrates that nations are not the most durable of human institutions. Compare the map of the world in 1960 with the world of today.

Are we Canadians immune to the processes of history? It would be folly to think so. Yet, when I come back home from places where people daily confront the stark realities of poverty, war and repression, I am always disturbed by the complacency of Canadians. There is a feeling that, whatever troubles may afflict the rest of the world, it "can't happen here." That does not mean that Canadians are never confronted with their lot. Far from it. I have never heard more grumbling than I hear today, nor experienced more feelings of discontent and petty squabbling. Some of it is a reflection of the general mood of anxiety and frustration which affects virtually all industrialized societies today. But most of it concerns problems that are unique, afflictive and fully capable of being solved by Canadians. Yet, in reality, nowhere is the world in life better and the future more promising than in Canada. Only we Canadians can mess it up. And it's up to just what we might do if we're not careful.

Canadians cannot escape the profound changes that are taking place in the world as a whole. These will have an even greater influence as shaping the future of Canada than the more parochial issues that now command our attention. I am convinced that the 1980s will be the most dangerous decade the human community has ever faced. Technological change will produce dramatic shifts in patterns of, and opportunities for, employment. Competition for resources—nearly energy and water—will increase. Turbulence and conflict are likely to escalate and the risks of war are growing. So are the risks of a world economic collapse.

If this will affect Canada? By any standard, we have custody of a superpower status of the world's territory and resources. Looked at narrowly, we could take the attitude that this can result in the kind of pressures and scarcities that will increasingly affect most of the world. But in the larger sense, we rarely exert our very special responsibility to help others to put their houses in order and set positive example for the world. Canadians should remember that we are incapable of defining ourselves should our right to such an assertive peace of the world's table be challenged—as it may be. We should remember, too, that an industrial society is more dependent on foreign trade for its prosperity than is Canada. Both these realities make us highly vulnerable to changes in the world's economic and political climate and give us an

important stake in maintaining a healthy and workable world economy.

Canadians have always prided themselves on the values for which their country stands. Though these values are not often clearly articulated, most would agree that they include respect for the rights of others, the willingness to share with less fortunate members of society and the primacy of the moral and spiritual dimensions of human life. I believe that, for Canadians, these values are about to be tested as never before. They will be tested at home in our ability to accommodate the development of a dynamic Quebec within the framework of Canada; in how much the more wealthy regions of the country are prepared to share with the disadvantaged and in how we protect our minorities and particularly our native peoples, to participate in the life of our nation without having to abandon the traditions and lifestyles which mean so much to them. And they will be tested internationally by the positive contributions we make to world peace and security as well as the survival and continuation of our species. We are invited to accept in the name of our own community a challenge. Can Canadians be comfortable with the knowledge that our assistance to developing countries is less than that of most countries and that we have done less than most to open our markets to the products of developing countries?

I would submit that the ultimate test of our nationalism will be in the degree to which it nurtures and protects our highest values. There is much talk today in Canada about a new constitution. This is important. But it concerns the form more than the substance of our nationalism. The substance must be based on values. What is really important to Canadians? What do we want Canada to stand for? How much would it matter to the world if Canada ceased to exist? How much would it matter to our children?

If we continue our thinking, if we insist on placing the interests of our own areas, provinces or special-interest groups ahead of that of the nation, it will be hard to resist the slide into balkanization which would split the end of the Canadian dream. If we are not prepared to accept a greater degree of responsibility for the creation of a more equitable and viable world community which accords with the new global politics we hold dear, then our nation could well be forgotten in the larger history of mankind. But what a shame this would be! What a lost opportunity! For in the present era of unprecedented changes and dangers, leadership and example of the kind that a united and peaceful Canada could provide is desperately needed. No country is in a better position to provide it. What a thrill it would be to participate in building this kind of Canada!

Maurice F. Strong is the honorary chairman of the First Global Conference on the Future being held in Toronto this week.



The 1980s will be the most dangerous decade the human community has ever faced*

WHAT'S A HEAT PUMP GOT TO DO WITH SUMMER?

Just one of the questions answered in George Dalgleish's new booklet that's entitled simply —



Thousands of homeowners across Canada know it's when it comes to advice on matters in and around the home they can turn to George Dalgleish. And George Dalgleish is finding answers in straightforward terms everyone can understand.

But is heat pump in summer? George has got to be kidding, right?

Wrong. Heat pumps are no mere hot weather friends. A heat pump (the same one that makes use of the free heat present in air) will cut your heating costs 50 percent and also work efficiently in reverse, removing heat from your home all summer. Exactly like ordinary central air conditioning.

It's a fact. Just one of many you'll find in **HEAT PUMPS** — an informative new booklet packed with facts about heat pumps and how they work — and how they can work for you.

That's what **HEAT PUMPS** is all about. A no-nonsense well-informed

look at the quiet revolution underway in home heating and air conditioning. It may well prove to be the most interesting thing you'll read all year.

If you've been considering the advantages of heating and cooling your home with a heat pump, here's the quick and easy way to find the answers to your questions at a glance — all under one cover.

If a heat pump seems like your plan, George's booklet will show you what a great idea you may have been missing.

Heat Pumps: The Straight Goods

It's all there. What is a heat pump? Why it works. How a heat pump technology loses the heat energy of the air itself and where it can save you money over fossil fuel systems. In plain everyday language.

Do you know, for example, that savings of up to 40% over conventional systems are possible in many parts of Canada? Useable in 80% of the homes in Canada. George Dalgleish is finding answers in straightforward terms everyone can understand.



Yes, I'd like to receive a free copy of George Dalgleish's **HEAT PUMPS**! At no obligation.

Name

Address

City & Province

Postal Code

Telephone

YORK Heating and Air Conditioning

used — making them the most energy-efficient heating ever devised?

At York, we've spent years developing and refining our quality line of Heat Pumps and today they set the standard of the industry in performance and dependability. Our dealers are specially trained too — which ensures the reliability of every installation.



Heat Pumps Save Energy

We'd like to prove it to you. As a first step, York will send you a copy of George Dalgleish's **HEAT PUMPS** free. There is no obligation. Simply fill out the coupon provided, mail it to York and your copy of **HEAT PUMPS** will be on its way.

At York, we think the more you know about heat pumps the better the world looks.



YORK DIVISION
BROOKFIELD (MANITOBA)
LIMITED
101 FAIRVIEW STREET
BOX 2300
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
C2R 2E2
(204) 633-2300

YORK is a registered trademark of York Corporation.

Inch by inch by inch

By Val Flora

"**N**o place left we haven't been," says Yves Vézina-Doucet. For 38 years Doucet has crossed the country as a field officer with the Geological Survey of Canada. When he started out in 1962, a 30-year-old discounted war hero from Ricky fort and blue-eyes glass, from fearing of the boomer, it really was still possible to be something of an explorer, to answer that ancient human urge to be the first, to know that his encounter with the wilderness was unique. Growing up in frontier days, pouring the Survey's bronze marker into subsoil and, the map-makers of that era were the first Europeans, and just maybe the first but-

and resources, surveys and mapping branch in Ottawa, by 200 or so people sitting at huge drafting-tables surrounded by maps. Then men and women peer through stereoscopic sights at aerial photographs, correlating key points with computer programs of latitudinal, longitudinal and elevation information provided by field crews. "A heli-taxi way to see the country," emphasizes one man, looking up from the typewriter of his machine. Soon even more of this sketchy correlation work will be assisted by

Modern survey team on Devon Island; Geodetic Team at home; Survey "Thirty years ago you never saw a fed surveyor"



man beings, to penetrate the remotest corners of the country. But Canada was completely mapped, at a scale of four inches to the mile, by 1966. "Nowadays," Doucette sighs, his head, "you'll find a sardine can on top of any mountain."

The white squares on the map, it seems, have all been filled in, the urge to boldly go where no man has gone before is as oxidized and fossilized as a Star Trek crew. Now machines are better mappers than daring men. Where once surveyors lovingly drew up their own maps, hand-lettering and hand-coloring them, now the actual drawing is done at the ministry of energy, mines

computer. Because of Canada's small land base and large size, this country leads the world in modern surveying and map-making technology. Canada has just developed—and sold to at least five other governments—the Geostat Photomapper, an \$800,000 piece of hardware which computes and prints contour lines right onto photographic maps.

Yet, because maps are only drawn in reply to the expression of human interests and needs, there's still work for mappers. They can join the field crews of Energy, Mines and Resources, the teams that fan out across the coun-

try to gather point information for the computers at Ottawa HQ. Thirty per cent of the country has yet to be mapped at the scale of 1:50,000 to the inch, for use by land developers, foresters, police, conservation authorities and resource companies. Professionals can also find work with the two-dozen-plus private surveying companies across Canada whose clients range from pipelines and mining companies to provincial governments to the Geological Survey itself (about eight per cent of its budget is extracted out), the surveying divisions of firms such as Marshall Macklin Longstaff, bill literally millions of dollars annually. And then there are the expeditions of these hell-bent adventure-documentary film companies. Explor-Mundi, a Montreal production and distribution house, specializes in films on

the highlands of Ellesmere Island and the bottom of the Atlantic by sail.

And there is still work for the amateurs. Having realized that off-road maps don't tell them what they want to know, they can do what Columbus did—off on their own.

After government survey groups abandoned pony teams and canoes for helicopters, it seemed that traps and portages got left off maps. So, when two white-water kayaking enthusiasts, Ray Woodbridge and Tom Brown, decided to tackle Northern Ontario's Wabigoon-Kabib River, there was virtually no practical information on it. "Cavedaddy people had gone down it," ob-



"Your Henninger, sir."

Henninger drinkers know there's something special about their beer. It's the superior taste of a fine premium beer, brewed in Canada, in the great European tradition. With the

care and pride of an independent brewer. Using ingredients that cost a little more. So Henninger Export costs a little more. And a Henninger drinker will tell you it's worth it.

Henninger. The taste that costs a little more.

Miss Woodbridge, a 49-year-old policy analyst with the Ministry of Industry, Trade and Commerce, "but we wanted the world's first complete edition on it." After Ontario's department of natural resources expressed interest in using their research for other research documents, Woodbridge and Brewster organized an expedition. They chartered and planned a map of the area, recruited six pals and rechristened in Cobden Oct. 1, on a sunny Thursday morning. The bush party, who had agreed to \$8 there and then, took two kayaks and three canoes into the river's headwaters. "It was an Indian who presented them 'fishing like my grandfather did—it used to be,'" said Brewster with his pen.

Mapping Mackenzie and the Bear River

From the hand
map, "You're high over Hudson Bay
so straight" the world keeps changing'



photos of their emerging derivatives is little pause.

For the first two days, in spite of a cold rain, the going was easy. The men graded the rapids they passed on their maps. A grade 1 rapid is mere broken water, a grade 2, with rapids, river twists and exposed rock, in the outside limit of an open canoe; a grade 5 is virtually impassable. The first few days' map notes mention a previously unmarked island, several portage routes and "rapids not runnable."

On the third day a fresh blizzard struck. The men, equipped for summer, could only stay in their sleeping bags to conserve heat. "You wouldn't run in that weather," advises Brewster. "With icy rocks and twisted canoes, if you fell, you'd drown." They had a communal meal. "We'd only gone about 30 miles by Tuesday morning, with about 500 miles and the steepest drops ahead." And, in their leisure, the men had also started finding the bodies of little wood thrushes, dead from exposure to the unseasonable cold, around their campsite ashes. The group's only comfort was that if they did not appear on MacKenzie by Saturday noon, their bush pilot would not fly a search party.

When Wednesday dawned with no

break on the weather, the men decided to move. They covered their heads and feet with green garbage bags to cut the spray and led the Arctic wind. Their map notes long portages and steep hills "And," recalls Brewster, "the river was a joy." Then, after a half-day on violent water, like a potable the sun came out, its glare of the river was so fierce it became difficult to tell where white water ended and white light began. The Mackenzie swelled, dropping 50 metres in 10 km, turned into a kayak's dream. By the next day the expedition was swept into the North French River. At mid-day Friday, with some sense of triumph, the men hoisted their tent flies to catch a tail wind and sailed into

and it marks something of an end to the era of the discoverers. The heroes of the society's last great expedition—is the bottom of Antarctica, to the top of Everest—are either dead or very, very venerable. And the professional sun reporter—the field scientist with whom Vern Dubois now trots—have become, first and foremost, technicians. From comfortable base camps, where steak dinners have replaced fried grub, they fly up each day, different teams carry Totalimeters and laser range finders (to measure distances from known landmarks), or Doppler Satellite Receivers (which compute their own latitudinal, longitudinal and elevation positions by measuring the

MacKenzie MacKenzie is a frontier town of some 1,200 souls which hosts 30,000 tourists each summer season, 90 per cent arrive by train (the Polar Bear Express). One member of the expedition, Bill Thompson, was stopped in MacKenzie's main street and asked if he had heard the news—that eight cranes had been in, not by train, but by barge, the Great White Water Pipeline. Thompson smiled and said, "prah-huh."

Roy Woodbridge admits that it's a nuisance to be forced to explain more than once. His just concern is that he won't see one of the 30,000 who come to MacKenzie by barge, but who he instead saw, surprised, water-skied down the river. "There is still a place for contemplation," he has. An Energy, Mines and Resources booklet puts it, "to restore our river maps to the accuracy they once had, your help is needed." If you should have patience and provide information about a map error, please write. "Meanwhile, Woodbridge and Brewster are hunting around for the next river whose map needs annotating."

1980 is the 150th anniversary of R. G. Phillips' Royal Geographical Society,

Doppler effect shift in the signals they receive from satellites, or the costly and complex air (Acoustic Survey System) computers. "The field crew's job is flying, landing, taking a reading and flying again," says Brewster. "Well, we miss a lot. It's an in-out thing now. Thirty years ago, with all the efforting, you never saw a bit terrope."

The day may come when one sees no surveyors at all. Already the U.S.-COST-1 satellite studies the country's potential energy. In days, although the photographic maps are as the small a scale as surface man-made maps. Yet, whatever or whatever performs the job, the demand for mapping continues. "Fax is great, 'cause that's out of date," says Jim Miskew, chief of Technical Information Services at the Surveys and Mapping Branch. "Natural disasters, volcanoes, roads and gravel pits—the world keeps changing." Roy and Brewster agree that it's getting pretty difficult to find an untouched corner—that unmapped river, that virgin canyon, unblistered by last year's bear bottle, that place where Kiley was not. But nothing should challenge the spirit of the discoverer like the absent-minded:

Follow-up

New York's tough gun law isn't

It was 11:40 a.m. Friday, June 15, when Governor Hugh Carey signed New York state's long-awaited and controversial handgun bill (Moceri's, May 5). In New York City, where there are an estimated two million illegal handguns, a man was shot with one of them—just 35 minutes later. That weekend there were 12 shootings involving illegal handguns, including the wounding of a nine-year-old Queens girl picnicking with her family. New York state's handgun war, which is virtually a New York City problem, was still being waged as frantically as ever.

The new bill, which will not be effective until 60 days after the signing, is set for administrative changes, was called "the toughest handgun law in the country" by Carey, but others aren't so satisfied with it. Under the new law, anyone caught carrying a loaded, unlicensed handgun can be charged with a "second" felony and mandatory jail time of a year if it's proven, and the illegal sale of handguns has been changed from a misdemeanor to a felony. Fully aware of selling more than 20 handguns could result in a 25-year jail term.

However, the new statute allows anyone indicted for carrying or selling illegal guns the opportunity to request a hearing, pleading "mitigating circumstances," and discounts first offenders carrying an unloaded gun. Ultimately, in the case of plea-bargaining, punishment is left in the discretion of judges empowered to reduce the so-called mandatory sentence. One New York precinct commander called the new law "a lawyer's bill." It just creates loopholes that the lawyers will be able to exploit." But New York City Mayor Edward Koch, responsible for spearheading the drive for stricter gun controls, described it as "a significant first step in the fight to remove illegal handguns from the streets of our city," and added that he might seek additional legislation if necessary. Variously described by some officials as "half a loaf" and "better than what we have now," the "toughest gun law in the country" generated grunts and groans from others who felt it looked short of aiming to show that the legislature, a number of whom own guns and advocate their use, passed the bill at all.

Lawrence O'Toole



Every great Martini has a silent partner.



Pay for your own tongue



The recent massive influx of Cubans into the United States highlights both the growing numbers and political clout of Spanish-speaking Americans who are now reported to replace blacks as the largest minority in the country by the end of the decade. A distinguishing and, for some Anglo-Americans, disturbing feature of Hispanicism is that even after two and three generations they retain their language and culture. The most central and controversial issue now concerns Hispanics' reactions to an assault to bilingual education. In Texas, for example, Hispanics have been arrested of trying to take over the school system while in Hyde County, P.R., several thousand children are already enrolled in schools where Spanish is the main language. On the other hand, there are those who are proponents of bilingual education in Vancouver-area U.S. Schools. S.I. Hayakawa, an internationally known academic, is talked over recently in Washington with free lance journalist Andrew McNeely.

Hayakawa: Why are you so strongly op-

To use the taxpayer's money to create a linguistic enclave seems to me to be unfair

posed to bilingual education?

Hayakawa: In Canada, as well as in this country, immigrants for a long time maintained their own schools—Japanese, Chinese, Hebrew and so on—but they were not paid for by the taxpayer. To use the taxpayer's money—the majority of whom are English-speaking—to create a linguistic enclave seems to me to be unfair. If so-called bilingual education means having teachers who can speak both English and Spanish, then I think that it is wrong by the Spanish-speaking child, well educated. But if it is a means of preventing a language and culture at the cost of the acquisition of American language and culture, then I am very much opposed.

McNeely: What is the glue that binds American society together that would be threatened by what

you call "linguistic enclaves"?

Hayakawa: Among the most important adherents are the newspapers, the radio and especially the television networks. Radio no longer serves that function because the cheaper it becomes to build and operate a station, the more likely you are to have a Japanese-language station, two or three Spanish-language ones and so on. These preserve linguistic enclaves, whereas if you watch national television you have to understand English.

McNeely: How do you reconcile your concern about bilingualism and your supporting America for being ignorant of other people and cultures?

Hayakawa: All right, that's a different issue. Suppose you had a great, vibrant Spanish school system and radio and television. Would that make anybody more ignorant of China, Czechoslovakia, Russia, Thailand or India? No way. It would only make them more ignorant of Mexico City. The Anglo-American does not turn on to Spanish-language television.

McNeely: How do you feel then about President Carter's recent Commission on Foreign Language and International Studies which ignores the American students' deficiency in acquiring a second language and studying other cultures?

Hayakawa: This is something that disturbs me very much. You had my PhD for over 35 years and I had to know two other languages before I could obtain it. But now you can obtain a PhD without knowing a foreign language at all. They'll even count your knowledge of computer language as one foreign language. But what we're talking about is politics. Do you have to know—an this I object to very, very much—people standing for election in front of Mexicans, for example, and saying: "When I get there I'll see to it that Mexicans are appointed as federal judges, to the Supreme Court, in school boards and so on." When you've done that you haven't done your duty by the country at all. We've got too many ethnic groups who are pushing for their own.

McNeely: My impression is that Hispanics are indeed self-confident about their political strength and determined to retain their language and to have bilingual schools.

Hayakawa: I believe in bilingualism but I don't want to see it subsidized by the taxpayer. It's for your own parents and grandparents to decide. That's a point in taking the Jew, the Swede and the Irish for it to see that a Mexican kid gets his full quota of Mexican history as a boy, rather as politicians make a point of their ethnicity and push their own ethnic group at the expense of all other interests, it's a divisive factor. ☐



No matter
how you get there.
Go first class all the way
with Samsonite.

Go with the style, the looks, the quality
of Samsonite. No wonder it's the
choice of most Canadians.
Pictured here is Espana.

Samsonite

*Reg. trade mark of Samsonite



Good taste is why you buy it.

To create the unique taste of Ballantine's Scotch we age it until its flavor is fully developed. And our master blender is the judge of that precise moment when the flavor peaks.

It's your assurance that every bottle of Ballantine's measures up to our worldwide standard of excellence. One sip and you'll know why discerning Scotch drinkers around the world choose Ballantine's. The reason: good taste.

Ballantine's

U.S.A.

Maclean's

Can Reagan run America?

By William Scobie

Ronnie always told me everything looked better from the back of a horse—and he was right!—Nancy Reagan

The star of *Star Trek* and many another B-grade science-fiction movie has come into his own. But this Wednesday, having an unscripted and unthinkable unhappy ending in contentious Vice Presidential nominees, Ronald Wilson Reagan, actor, ex-liberal and guru of California, will be nominated for the greatest role of his life.

In the raucous, riot-torn urban cockpit of Detroit, at the 20,000-strong convention of the National Education Association, with an all-new's worthiness ready to become the Republican choice to lead the United States through the 1980s, "It's a nomination," barked one Reagan staffer last week (Brent Dickey and Richard Nixon). "We haven't had a winner like this since Ike."

Nor, opponents note, has the G.O.P. previously boasted a candidate willing—to be sure—to resign the presidency should his physician direct signs of senility. Are Americans ready to elect the oldest chief executive in their history? Apparently they are. Ladbroke's, the London odds-maker, has Reagan odds-on favorites at 4 to 1 (Castro at 13 to 4). Jessie the Greek offers much the same from Las Vegas. The latest U.S. polls have him running 12 points ahead of both the incumbent and independent rival, John Anderson. And, with little notice, the ratings for *Reagan* from the Ronald Reagan show, running on the top networks this week, Carter has gone fishing in Alaska, and Anderson has flown off on a world tour.

The eastern establishment is naturally distressed at the thought of this California arch-conservative, after 12 years of campaigning, putting his boots up on the desk in the Oval Office. But the question many ask, some dubiously, is can Reagan really run America?

At first glance, his credentials for the world's most powerful office—Reed College, Hollywood, corporate PR, back-governer of kinky California—seem slender. In fact, they are no worse than those of many recent presidents. Eight years in charge of the nation's



Candidate Reagan on his saddle: "We haven't had a winner like this since Ike."

at the ranch with "business and movie-world pals, telling stories over beer which send shoulders down their spines. Sometimes they do go a shade fat. Maybe he shouldn't have bagged the money and blues in that famous Heartland food product at the time of the Symbionese Liberation Army kidnap"; would do in an outbreak of bacillary. But that's just Ronnie, says the man in the TV armchair.

"Responding to demands of the terrorist during the Symbionese Liberation Army kidnapping in 1974, Ronald Reagan distributed \$1 million of gold to explore negotiations in a frantic effort to win the release of his daughter, Patti, kidnapped by the gang on February 23, 1973."

Can Reagan run America?

char. He's the candidate who looks back-to America as it was "and ride again."

Last week, Reagan opened his splendid ranch, Rancho del Cielo, high in the golden California hills overlooking the Pacific, in the press. They snapped Calif. a former's white knight on his white horse. They saw the pocket fence he built himself, her Stevens on a pier next to the main-loading rifle, the pier also built with his own hands, with Nancy's own name. (Truman) laid up \$1.5-million 700-acre slice of montaña, a vision of the American way as it could be. And all a long, long way from Tampan, Ill., where on Feb. 6, 1961, Ronald Reagan was born. As he describes it in his gripping, autobiographical *Memoirs on the Art of Politics*, "The story begins with the closing of a bottom... my face was blue with screams," my bottom was red with whacking, and my father claimed afterwards that I had been "abused." But I have fondly professed fond of the colors excluded." Reagan goes on to say that Mrs. Mary snarled, "Don't be a little brash drunk, the family poor but honest. They never considered us fat. Mother had the most beautiful eyebrows. Her charitable dramatic readings to groups and hospitals steered young Ron's interests toward Mrs. Reagan also based on her religion. Her son today attends the Presbyterians Church whenever he can, and tends to a literal interpretation of the Bible.

Young Reagan's story is a slice of America-as-dream pie. Shorthaired (he still wears glasses over his contact lens to read), with a string-bean physique, he worked his way through college at dishwasher and lifeguard. He acted, ran track, played football, found work in the Depression years as a radio sportscaster. That led to Hollywood and a seven-year stint (Agent: "I have a young Robert Taylor waiting outside!"). There was even a stint of modeling trials for a Los Angeles art college, which earned him in 1946 "Advent of the Year."

Warmer Bells, those stories of his screen talent to pay him \$200,000 a year at the height of interest, that isn't quite a few golden years. But of his 30 movies over 15 years, most were gloriously bad and have recently been in greatest demand as US college campuses. Other politicians have skeletons in their closets; Reagan has *Bolivia* for bones. All press is booked for the next 32 months at \$45 a time.

Reagan began his Hollywood period as "a hopeless hemophiliac [I] had to crawl." The shift to the right came in the post-war, Cold War years when



Pages from the scrapbook (clockwise from top) — 1928 school portrait, posing on Adm. for election; in bed with Nancy, with first wife, Wynona, a slice of dream pie

his movie career was fading, he became a speechwriter, and his marriage to actress Jane Wyman was on the rocks; in short, he was rage for conversion. As president of the Screen Actors' Guild (SAG), Reagan had developed a political talent for negotiation and compromise. He ap-

peared, for example, as a "friendly witness" at the House Un-American Activities hearings in 1938, but infuriated the Red-busters by speaking out for the rights of the Communists sympathizers he was simultaneously denouncing.

A spot as a travelling TV salesman

The only suspense ... who's No. 2?

What will otherwise be a predictable one-convention, there will be one shot of suspense: Ronald Reagan will hold the name of his vice-presidential choice until the last minute to keep these 17 million glued to the viewing of his convention.

This year the race to do is a more significant figure than usual. Since Reagan's elected would be older than any incoming president in U.S. history, the next apparel will have an above-average chance of succeeding him. (Reagan's record has never been without its share of ups and downs after his election.) Also, Reagan can't afford a repeat of the 1976 disaster, when his usually solid electorates turned against him.

Paul Laxalt. The Nevada senator would bring in only three electoral votes. Has an edge in experience (he was Senate majority leader) and Nancy and Ronald Senator Richard Schweiker as swing-state endorsed and split the night back-

Jack Kemp. The brash young New York

Eyes front for the Soviet menace

In his comfortable old two-bedroom ranch style house in Pacific Palisades, Los Angeles, Ronald Reagan last week talked at length to *Maclean's* correspondent William Scobie about an old worry—the Soviet threat—and another threat that gets less publicity as it sits south of the border. A portion of the exchange:

Maclean's: You vs. [former] about a North American accord to explore cooperation between the U.S. Canada, Mexico and the smaller Central American nations to ward off a Soviet threat. What lesson do you see in the taking?

Reagan: As I see it, an accord would involve enhanced economic co-operation in spheres where we have shared interests. All three countries have economic development zones which can benefit from integration of the land and transportation structures on which Canada, Mexico and the U.S. depend. We share not only natural wealth but in a long tradition of helping one another. My administration would strengthen relations with friends near and ready.

Maclean's: Is that the "Soviet threat"—do

for General Electric beyond these talents as an electrician performer? He has made the president, the politicians and the used-car salesmen almost indistinguishable in America, and Republican newsmen were quick to spot his gifts in all three spheres. He campaigned for Richard Nixon, and did a fantastically successful TV spot for Barry Goldwater—and to have accrued \$1 million



We'll have to try to re-establish the respect'

you want to see an increased U.S. military presence in these account countries?

Reagan: Not in Canada or Mexico no

Maclean's: Are you also talking about a North American common energy market—sites that may not have been severely punitive in Ottawa or Mexico City. What would you say to Canada that might produce a change of heart?

Reagan: Certainly after the Carter administration's trashing of Canada and Mexico, our people in government have a lot of damage to overcome. We'll have to try to re-establish the good relations that

were for one another's economic advantage.

Maclean's: Canadian industry is already roughly three-quarters-owned by U.S. interests. What would it mean if Reagan substantially reduced that trend? How would it help Canada build an industrial base of its own?

Reagan: That's a logic that needs to study in the context of the increasing interdependence of the world economy as a whole, and the role of multinationals in particular.

Maclean's: You justified it as lower domination from southern neighbors?

Reagan: Sometimes people forget how old industries begin, but they live on in the popular imagination. If I do everything I can to stop misunderstandings and work hard to rebuild trust. The Soviet influence is real. The U.S. influence is not. I think that Canadian people know that.

Maclean's: Is Canada paying its weight in NATO? Do you want to see more Canadian participation in Western defense?

Reagan: Canada's role traditionally in the command of border and the common defense of this vast world where simple and valuable contribution to world affairs now that commitment continue today.

It's her case as 40th president, fell in love. Within months they were married. Mrs. Reagan today is an elegant, politically shrewd woman who influences her husband's thinking at many levels. The Reagan family as a whole, however, is still broken. Daughter Maureen, now Miss Diane Wyman, is the sharpshooter with her own newspaper column and radio talk show. Adopted son, Michael, is a plump, conservative businessman who helps campaign for his Nancy Reagan's children, grown up in the 1960s. Daughter Patti adopted sonne into life by living with a guitar player from The Eagles rock group. Youngest son, Ronald Frost, 20, dropped out of Yale to join the Joffrey Ballet of New York. His fellow dancers say he is a star man and a good dancer. Diane, who has been out of the spotlight, at least until now, is back again. And Doug, a tall, diminutive 30, is his spittin' image.

Other possible include Ronald Reagans' highly qualified former defense secretary and White House chief of staff and—long shot—Anne Armstrong, former U.S. ambassador to Britain. She is wealthy, famous and a wise old hand. But would Armstrong be a second best role to the White House, especially now that Bill Rogers' old gag ("All the world's a stage, it's in the morning to wake up and see how the president?" has taken on extra meaning)?

W.S.



NP possibilities (clockwise from top left): Pamela, Karen, Lager, Armstrong, and Leann. The screening of her consciousness



Entrepreneur is unpronounceable. See him in the clinking of the conservative wing. His lack-of-lip kiss the brass for Reagan's own lip synapses

Howard Baker: Young, handsome, Indiana senator, often labeled "Reagan's favorite mayor," for his spot in Indianapolis. A third sex choice

Other possibles include Ronald Reagans' highly qualified former defense secretary and White House chief of staff and—a long shot—Anne Armstrong, former U.S. ambassador to Britain. She is wealthy, famous and a wise old hand. But would Armstrong be a second best role to the White House, especially now that Bill Rogers' old gag ("All the world's a stage, it's in the morning to wake up and see how the president?" has taken on extra meaning)?

But it is Reagan's eighth year in "America's second toughest job" that provide the soundest clues to his possible performance as president. To win California's governorship he fought a harsh campaign, playing on white middle-class anger with taxes, crime, parks, "soft-line charlatans," and won a landslide victory rates over socialist Pat Brown, father of present Governor Jerry. His first two years in office were marked by anastomous obscurity. "A

Can Reagan run America?

theater performance, says a leading Republican. On Day 3 of his term, he emerged on his chief campaign promise—and blunting a deficit left by his predecessor—entered the biggest tax hike in California's history: \$1.5 billion. It was the first of three major tax increases that blunted the state budget. Reagan today boasts that he returned millions in rebates to taxpayers. But the graphics were misleading: last year, it was a factor in the passage of Proposition 13, California's famous tax-slashing measure.

In other traditional controversies—abortion, capital punishment—he



As California's governor (left), with Nancy on the campaign trail, Ronald Reagan looks ahead to a star career ahead



showed more bark than bite. He talked darkly of a "bloodbath" at the height of the 1960s student revolt. Now comes the funding for state education more than doubled. "He was a closet moderate," grumbles one of the Republican old guard. "Not so good as his backers expected," says old rival Jesse Unruh, Democratic leader, "or as bad as we feared." Reagan likes to claim that his administration attracted "brilliant

people" who were still with him today. His advisors on economic, domestic and foreign affairs are chiefly old Californians crossed.

These are the men, drawn from a di-

At about the same time, Common Cause—Montgomery's organization headed by former Watergate prosecutor Arlen Specter—filed suit in federal court against Americans for Change, headed by one of Reagan's top supporters, Senator Hitchcock Schmitt. They claimed that even if his supporters were independent (and, they said, it's not), there was a law prohibiting any group from spending more than \$100,000 on a candidate. If that interpretation proved correct, it would mean support could be cut off to each as little as \$50 million to \$200 million.

Last fall, with the FEC stalled in the key, though a single Cayman County lawyer got that at the same time, it was felt the commission of its not as an "improper enforcement action." As far as Americans for Change's Specter claimed, that it "violated the intent" because it would get to the heart of the matter quickly. But this is not necessarily true. If they take Americans for Change, as the Supreme Court will even with an expedited schedule, such legal maneuvering could go on until October, one month before election day.

Meanwhile, Americans for Change can continue their "independent activities" said a spokesman. "There's an awful lot we can accomplish in that time."

Catherine Fox

Then, looking him as thin as one American for Change is planning to raise between \$20 million and \$30 million to boost its credibility. Moreover, as a result, the Carter-McGovern campaign complained to the FEC that the month after five of the "independent" groups were, in fact, given over to the Reagan campaign. Charged Robert Strauss, chairman of Carter's campaign: "Common Cause's participation with openly appear campaign spending limits are seeking to affect or control a third-party advantage" for their candidate of a year not seen since before Watergate, when Richard Nixon subplotte George McGovern by more than \$30 billion.

Common Cause's Cox (right) challenges Reagan to Reagan's White House audience



member advisory committee, who today form his "kitchen cabinet"—and who accept top jobs in a Reagan White House. A startling number come from Reagan's favorite right-wing think tank, Stanford University's Hoover Institution, and Hoover Institution as Vice, Bechtel and Hooper Pease. They include, among many others, Hoover Director W. Glenn Campbell, Reagan's top domestic and economic policy Miller Friedman and Martin Anderson, and chief foreign policy adviser Richard V. Allen. Edward Teller, "father of the H-bomb," is a Hoover associate advising on nuclear matters. Richard Starr, a Rambo-making expert and friend of Schwarzenegger (who worked there for several months), advises on Soviet affairs.

Of more than 100 experts on 22 task forces now struggling to work out reaspective for Reagan, some 80 per cent come from California or the West. Top names include economist Michael Arthur Laffer of the University of Southern California, Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, campaign manager, and Edwin Moses III, campaign chief of staff, a former California district attorney. The candidate has his eastern allies, of course, but he is looking ahead to the early part of next year when a majority of voters live in the West, as the centers of economic and political power follow the railroads stretching from west and east to California and the sunbelt states. Crucial to Reagan's success in November will be his foreign and military policies, particularly. His campaign has brought one group of voters, while another wonders about his ability to cope with complex international issues. Sacramento is not Washington, and Reagan has held down a post requiring foreign affairs expertise. James Carter had not either, but plans to make this a document issue.

In Reagan has assembled a panel of 50 big military advisers, including nine retired generals and one retired admiral, whose pedigree stretch back to the cold-blooded Wardlaw. Almost to a man, the panel favors scrapping state, in, boosting production of the MX missile and ICBM, and upping defense spending by at least 10 per cent. Soon Reagan will be forced into a fierce debate over the cost, and the need, for this arms extravagance—and he will be inclined to recite with his three-year-old 30-per-cent tax-cut proposal. How Americans' savings could decide the outcome of who will be the 40th president of the United States. Not that there was no doubt in the minds of conservative partygoers in Detroit last weekend. The park knew that the man in the middle, the spot from which life looks so much better, will be Ronald Reagan. □

"Their body defenses can't handle both the heat and their natural diseases," she explained. And as nurses at Dild's Parkland Memorial Hospital packed new victims in ice to treat their bodies' normally energy-consumption power utili-



The sun above, the dead below

It was a grisly scene that U.S. border patrolman Hector Ochoa may never forget: 30 skeletal corpses scattered in the pitchily inadequate sunbaked shade, eyes glazing helplessly up at the blinding sky. It was the same scene of the police who had not survived the heat, illegal aliens from El Salvador attempting to sneak into the U.S., only to be killed by 105° F heat on the desert floor of Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument, a wild 516-square-mile park southwest of Tucson. Three other alien bodies were found nearby; their clothes equally gaunt in the desert. Tax of the dead soared since high books, their carcasses were packed with fashionably winter clothes. Dying of thirst, they had sunk down cold crevices, often-cave-like, cactus weak and even their own urine.

The 13—and two of the "reputable" who had charged them \$10,000 (U.S.) a head—were victims of a grossly mismanaged clandestine immigration doomed by lack of adequate water during the southwest's worst heat wave of the century. "This is what's normal for a day in the desert," said border agent John Rockhill, holding up four fire-breather water jugs. "They didn't even bring enough water to drain those shoes," sighed Deacon Garcia, who treated all those found, many alive, near death.

But the heat, though tragic, exacted less than one-quarter of the toll of 300 deaths attributed by week's end to the 105-degree hyper-temperature system that had stricken itself over Texas, produced about three solid weeks of 90° F highs and showed no sign of shift. Men of the Dallas County medical examiner's office, were people over 65. "Their body defenses can't handle both the heat and their natural diseases," she explained. And as nurses at Dild's Parkland Memorial Hospital packed new victims in ice to treat their bodies' normally energy-consumption power utili-

ties appeal the elderly to go ahead and use one air-conditioner and worry about paying—an "illegal installation notice."

Overall, the heat wave produced a bizarre crop of stories. An air-conditioner失了, car windows shattered spontaneously, birds died on the wing in Oklahoma, a section of Interstate 40 exploded and erupted, and expanded railroad ties towed a 15-car freight. The Arkansas health department warned that the heat had driven rabies—every bat out of their summer nesting places, while prairie dog colonies came out of the ground and sought for insects to hungry cattle.

In the farm belt some were coping the best worse than the famed drought era in Glasgow, Mont., at week's end they had had only 11.8 cm of precipitation in the past year, compared with 100 cm in the 1930-31 Great Depression. All over the West, summer ranchers watched silvery cows go cold off pastures at 100-degree-plus temperatures. In Arkansas alone, the toll of turkeys, breeders and hens killed by the heat was expected to top five million. All in all, it was an ugly picture with a national impact yet to come. As Texas Agriculture Commissioner Roger Brown predicted, the entire U.S. would ultimately find the effects. "I'd say we could look for a 10 percent increase in meat prices in the next year because of this," he said.

Arturo F. Gonzales

Graveside diplomacy



While President Jimmy Carter was urging his Japanese hosts and Chien's Chairman Hsu Goufeng last week to "minimize the threat of the Soviet military buildup," a little-known intelligence administration, headed by an obscure rear admiral, was thrashing out interpretations of the Pres-
ident's words and the studies that have formed the basis of the whole concept. In the past year, the administration has mounted a determined and successful drive to persuade the American public and its 500 allies to take their defense spending by anything up to five per cent a year.

In the next few years, the United States alone will pose \$1 trillion into nuclear and other weapons, largely because of fears about high levels of Soviet spending, its potential strength in sea, tanks and ships and its rapid overhauling of the United States in the quality of its nuclear capability. But, says Rear Admiral Gene LaRocque, a Pearl Harbor veteran and head of a down-thrash tank called the Center for Defense Information. "While in this presidential year it has become fashionable to denounce the power of our armed forces, our study shows that the United States military is not weak and scarred for funds." The US and its allies, in fact, superior to the Warsaw pact, even though, according to all the experts of national power, says the report, in particular in the number of nuclear weapons deployed. It continues: "This is the crucial measure of nuclear strength, and the US and its allies will retain the advantage in the nuclear race to produce more than 80,000 nuclear weapons over the next decade are implemented."

As with nuclear weapons, so with spending—in 1979, NATO countries

spent at least \$215 billion on defense, compared to the Warsaw pact's \$87.5 billion, active military personnel 3.2 million in total, compared to 8.1 million, and naval vessels—while the Warsaw pact has more nuclear ships, NATO has 560 more surface combatants" to the pact's 255. As for tanks, CIA Director of Research David Johnson pointed out in a radio interview that, while the Warsaw pact quadrupled expenditure

in those of NATO, the alliance, as a defensive grouping, had concentrated on anti-tank weapons and was vastly superior. In addition, the United States had more long-range bombers, more submarine-launched nuclear weapons, greater overall accuracy and higher alert ratings and readiness, says Johnson. The same goes for information from the US defense department and London's International Institute for Strategic Studies, adds Johnson, and the report specifically specifies about the way in which, it says, the CIA inflates estimates of Soviet spending by basing them on what the US itself spends. For example, says

Mark, by 12 months, was so inaccurate that it was located below the surface by the weight of the passengers who had to stand high deep in water. A lifeboat is one of the methods used to save and the sail can end. When darkness fell the men broke into the wet boats and in the darkness lighting when washed many went with calluses and flung themselves to light the lead.

By the time help arrived only 13 of the original 147 men were alive. Shreds of flesh drying in the foggy air of the reef provided incentive for the survivors not to eat to eat their shipmates to keep alive. In the subsequent inquiry the captain narrowly escaped a criminal sentence for his cowardice [not the first to do this] he was instead awarded a medal and independence. The sunken vessel brought back to Papei and lived for centuries. Not public opinion was on their side and they were given light sentences.

The tale of the Latine was similar to that of the Mysena. The 1930 New Zealand world around of the Dutch coast in October 1930 saw the loss of 41 heads—and a cargo of bullion purportedly worth nearly \$4 million. Free (private) salvaging operations have produced about \$250,000 worth of gold, and the ship a bell recovered in 1950 now hangs in Lloyd's of London and is ceremoniously rung whenever news is re-



Carter at service (left) and with Chien's. Hsu; how CIA inflates Soviet spending

laid.

"The Soviets pay their soldiers much less than we do, about \$75 a month compared to the \$465 a month we pay our starting recruits."

The report also makes the point that, just as the West will always be suspicious about Soviet intentions, the Soviets, with 28,500 km of land border with other nations and 46,500 km of coastline to defend, have traditionally maintained a huge standing army and "do not attribute to Americans the same good intentions we attribute to ourselves."

If this was good news, neither the Portuguese—"We really have no comment at this stage," said a spokesman for the president appeared to hear it. After a sort-of apologetic opening in Tokyo—a "casual" visit, indeed the black limousine that bore a strong cast of international statesmen to the inter-
national reason for their presence in Japan, the personal service for Prime Minister Manoel de Oliveira—Carter got down to business in a series of meetings with his foreign minister, Hsu, as well as meetings with acting Japanese Prime Minister Masayuki Ito and the man who lately has emerged as the most probable successor to Oliveira—the ruling Liberal Democratic Party's Chairman Zenko Suzuki. The response to Carter's call for Japan and China as "a new dangerous phenomenon in world politics." Thus, the Soviet news agency, warned that Moscow had all that it

needed to repulse imperialism, "irrespective of the card it chooses to play—the China or some other." That was tough talk. But Western nations in the Soviet capital believe it may be some time before talk is translated into action. Moscow is hardly likely to do anything further to preclude the Olympic Games, which last into next month, and, it is believed, also hopes to gain some diplomatic successes at the Madrid conference, which will review the Helsinki agreement for European security and human rights. Preparations for this do not begin until September.

William Lovett in Washington, Stephen Brown in Tokyo, Keith Charles in Moscow

Into the sea for gold and glory

Two oil millionaire Jack Compton weighed anchor in Florida last month for the long Taito voyage, who promises him an unusual—ever for that episode—occupation—invasion of remote isolated parts more than 4,000 km away, in the cold North Sea. New Zealand fortune-seeker Lyle Morrison and his team were in hot pursuit of the treasures of the various lost Latin ships of France, whose archaeologist Jean-Yves Blot was preparing to launch another operation in African waters, which included one of the most abundant wrecks in maritime history.

It all began July 18, 1978, with the French vessel Le Taito, a groundbreaker by its remarkable design off the coast of Mauritius, starting a two-month search for the survivors of the most infamous of all the wrecks of the Latine. In April 1978, the Latine of the Mysena, who had been French in the Latine, only when the British was lost on the treacherous Argan shoal, was discovered and there were too few survivors for the British to respond. Instead, the Latine was highly concentrated and 147 men were put ashore with barrels of wine as their only sustenance. The raft about six



Left: of a disaster involving a vessel owned by the members

Morrison's search for the rest of the gold has run into the same problem that bedeviled earlier treasure hunters: strong tides have scattered the Latine over huge areas and buried it deep in the sand. But the New Zealander has accurate metal-detecting equipment and some bewitching, and he reported last week that his detectors had already made more than 1,000 contacts. As soon as the sand blows over the bottom we're sending divers to find out whether we've found current cargo or gold," he said.

Sokkerman Terry Atkins at Lloyd's

of London

and among the artifacts found, Atkins says he has excavated a copy of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam that had been left to rock the vessel in water from their last base as deep as Torpedo's on Tower 10 high.

He and his crewmates do find the wreck and raised it from the seabed. They will do so largely because of its remarkable permanence—ocean technology and the urbanized equipment of the oil boom from Alberta, Canada, who have extensively financed expeditions to find the Latine hulls in the Red and North Sea. They simply think it's a 50/50 chance.

Of course, I know that there's some degree of risk involved in a venture like this," he says. "But the company expects to get back at least the \$1.5 million it has put up the venture. In that, at least, he has a good chance. Team's on the Nasdaq in Atlanta, Georgia, who have previously financed expeditions to find the Latine hulls in the Red and North Sea. They simply think it's a 50/50 chance.

Apart from genuine historical interest in the ship, which will also attract an charter of New Zealanders on April 15, 1982 with the loss of more than 1,000 lives, Gamm hopes to recover a fortune. About \$200 million worth of passengers' jewels are said to be locked away in the ship's

safe. White Hua would probably have preferred even tougher talk, the Japanese, with the Soviets much closer to their doorstep and substantial trade ties to be lost, tried to keep a lower profile.

There was nothing explicit about the response to Carter's attempt to allow Soviet forces ashore all this graveside diplomacy, however. Downing a press conference rider that relations between the US, China and Japan "should not be used against the Soviet Union," a senior Soviet party official, Boris Pasternak, who is in Peking that re-opened between the US and China was "a new dangerous phenomenon in world politics." Thus, the Soviet news agency, warned that Moscow had all that it



Gamm's Medusa survivors (left), Atkins with Titanic model, and Latine's (right). The captain was among the first to jump

and among the artifacts found was a jewel-encrusted edition of The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam that had been left to rock the vessel in water from their last base as deep as Torpedo's on Tower 10 high.

He and his crewmates do find the wreck and raised it from the seabed. They will do so largely because of its remarkable permanence—ocean technology and the urbanized equipment of the oil boom from Alberta, Canada, who have extensively financed expeditions to find the Latine hulls in the Red and North Sea. They simply think it's a 50/50 chance.

Of course, I know that there's some degree of risk involved in a venture like this," he says. "But the company expects to get back at least the \$1.5 million it has put up the venture. In that, at least, he has a good chance. Team's on the Nasdaq in Atlanta, Georgia, who have previously financed expeditions to find the Latine hulls in the Red and North Sea. They simply think it's a 50/50 chance.

Peter Lewis/William Lovett

One flies over the cuckoo's nest

I had sensed, throughout, a day with the like any other in Tehran. The mayor of a small town nearby announced that in the case of Islamic madrasa, underway might no longer be displayed publicly in the shops. Admiral Ahmadi Moshiri, 50-year-old former head of the Iranian navy and mentioned as a candidate for the vacant post of prime minister, refused to take his parliamentary seat and when his aides were accused of ties close links with the Americans. A plot supposedly revolving the aerial bombing of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's home was reported to have been crushed with the arrest of 350 people.

The same a dramatic announcement. A brief statement from Khomeini



Queen on May in Wiesbaden, Harold and Jeanne Queen (left), sooner than expected

office disclosed that American hostage Richard Queen, who had spent the previous four days in the city's Martyrs' Hospital, where doctors said he was suffering either from psychiatric problems or paraplegia (paralysis), was to be free. Specifically, it added, he should be taken to another country where there are better facilities for his treatment. "The Iranian was informed," the statement continued, "and he said he should be delivered to his parents and that they should decide to take him wherever they want."

Within hours Queen, a 38-year-old vice-president and one of 53 hostages still held since the seizure of the U.S. embassy last Nov. 4, was in Zarif's University Hospital undergoing tests, while a startled John Trotter, state department spokesman in Washington, was conferring to ascertain that they had learned of the release only from news wire bulletins. "We are pleased with the speed and care with which he was moved," said Trotter. But he declined to say whether the 52 Americans re-

maining in Iran might soon be on their way out.

Queen himself, reached by chance by Good Morning, American staff, responded that he had been given only an hour to gather his effects before being moved over to the care of the Revolutionary guard in Tehran, who has charge of U.S. hostages, and hastened aboard a scheduled Swissair flight. Queen allowed that he was "feeling a lot better right now," thanks to his release, and looking forward to going back to the United States "much sooner than I expected."

In fact, however, his next move was to Germany. Trotter in Zurich revealed that a neurological disorder—possibly a blood clot in his brain—had produced the vomiting, lack of coordination and beginning of paralysis in the left arm, which Iranian doctors had diagnosed as a possible psychiatric disorder. Further investigation was required. So Queen and his parents, Harold and Jeanne, who had travelled from their home in Lancashire, Me., for a bedside reunion, were over more airborne—this time en

route to a U.S. military hospital in Wiesbaden where, last Saturday, it was stated the extraction would be extensive.

The ayatollah's unexpected move released a flood of speculations about the other hostages. President Jimmy Carter, who earlier had telephoned Queen, and his wife had telephoned Queen's parents in Lancashire, who had a scheduled flight to Tehran, who has charge of U.S. hostages, and hastened aboard a scheduled Swissair flight. Queen allowed that he was "feeling a lot better right now," thanks to his release, and looking forward to going back to the United States "much sooner than I expected."

But the hostages' captors and Iranian authorities moved swiftly to quash such optimism. State prosecutor-general Sayyed Karim Mansavi Adashchi said the move "to go away" signified a modification of the plan to debate their fate in the Iranian parliament, a development not expected before the end of July.

There was also a rash of threats about the effect of Queen's release on the captives. Psychiatrists familiar



with other hostage cases thought that the indication that "their well-being is not enough to be our captors" could bring the survival of those who remained in Tehran. But if there were no follow-through, without the economic retribution could quickly turn to deeper.

Nor was there, in the end, the get-to-get爽 treatment, any detailed indication from Queen himself about their mood. He was quoted as saying only that, after Ayatollah's short-term rescue attempt, he had been blindsided whenever his captors moved him and did not know whether his compassions had been deserved, as their captors claimed and as two American journalists reported at the week's end. They said they had tracked at least one down to a snatched villa in Igham.

Even for Queen himself, 15 pounds lighter and said by his mother to have walked "incredibly, unbearably hard times," some uncertainty remained. While safely out of Iran, he still had a fight on his hands—this time for his health.

Denmark

A pat on the head for women

The 17-day World Conference of the United Nations Decade for Women may be this year's longest, quietest event. Although representatives of 150 countries and members of numerous nongovernmental organizations were descending on Copenhagen at week's end for this week's opening, few expect those whose forecast it was, seemed to know about it at all. Out of the reasons for that, the unkind speculation runs, was that the UN has egg on its face and is attempting to sweep it off as discreetly as possible. The Copenhagen conference is a kind of sequel to the one held in Mexico City in 1975 (International Women's Year), when a World

Plan of Action was adopted to improve the lot of women worldwide. Since then, a moment to study has revealed that their lot has suffered "stagnation and deterioration, especially in Third World countries." According to the statistics, while two-thirds of the world's work is done by women, women earn only one-tenth of world income and they own a mere one per cent of the world's property.

Was, then, the 1975 conference a failure? "Not at all, not at all," said spokeswoman Lotte Dosa, chief of information for the Copenhagen conference. "It raised the hitherto half-consciousness of women all around the world. But all sorts of things have happened since that time to intervene—employment, population, and literacy growth." What does, in practical terms, was Copenhagen expected to achieve? "A consensus on issues—health, education, employment—and consciousness-raising on the part of government decision-makers, as well as objectives and areas for action. If it depends on the countries involved," replied Dosa.

Not everyone is so sanguine about the world body's performances. "The UN is dragging its feet," says Pat Zanger, a member of the Brussels-based Women's Organization for Equality (Woe). One of the conference's main aims is to encourage and facilitate women's participation in an alternative conference in Copenhagen that week. Chapeau Berger. "Women aren't really a top priority. Only one woman builds a top management post at the UN itself. Of all countries in Europe, Denmark is probably the most enlightened in terms of women's rights, as they're probably trying to keep it quiet by holding it there."

One of the conference subjects being in Copenhagen will be the plight of Palestinian women, a separate agenda at the talks. Another UN study charged that Zionism was responsible for pushing them to the bottom of the priority list and that "colonization" of land and labor had disrupted the Palestinian social structures. Another unvoiced question will be that of South African apartheid.

Indeed, the UN commissioner for refugees, Paul Hartling, will report on the plight of women refugees.

During the conference, plans have been made for a special signing ceremony of the International Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination Against Women, adopted Dec. 18, 1979, by the UN General Assembly. But here, too, not all may be well. Though signed for signatures since March 1, so far, out of the 20 needed for ratification, only 12 countries have signed. Among the missing names is that of Canada, and an External Affairs spokesman was typically vague on the subject last week. Would Canada sign? "I don't know yet," he said. Only seven out of 10 provinces have so far said "yes."

Another who doubts the practical use of conferences and of Copenhagen in particular is Lydia Herremans. "Yes, they raise consciousness," she says. "But they're very slow, extremely bureaucratic and move at a glacial pace. Women's rights is a kind of stepchild." Or, as Pat Zanger puts it, quoting Germanic Gritter, "The conference is a nice little pat on the head." Who will be doing the patting? Well, one star may be that the West German delegation of 40 people includes just one woman.

Lawrence O'Toole



Protesting French women (above); World Conference on Women's Year, Mexico City, 1975; opp left on the UN's 10th



they may encompass all matters necessary for economic integration." In the extreme case, that kind of clause could leave provinces powerless to give incentives to local industries without getting Ottawa's okay.

Unless days are lengthened and talks extended, the provinces could well find themselves at the end of the summer with major economic decisions unresolved and consultations cut off—and with the ticket stubs stashed in the hand of a London-bound Chrétien.

Anne Sterle

Manitoba

A gift tax for the poor

Since Sterling Lyon's Conservative came to power in October, 1977, the Manitoba government has been noted for raising its head for more than its heart. Belt-tightening, bare-knuckle-bashing and party-punking have gained the Lyon's der a reputation for being the most uncompromising in the cabinet room floor. The latest exercise in parsimony has spent even some of the government's staunchest supporters

Bill 29, at week's end awaiting third and final reading, amends the Social Allowance Act so that officials can deduct from welfare cheques the value of all gifts given to recipients.

The move comes directly from a Manitoba Court of Appeal ruling last January which said welfare recipients could freely accept "one-time-only" gifts from charitable friends. The court case arose when provincial officials tried to deduct \$40 from payments to Clara

Minister and Westbury: idea of charity

Westbury, 40, who has raised five children on her own, now has a daughter in law school and who had never taken a vacation. Her health was poor and a sympathetic friend gave her a \$300 plane ticket and expenses for a 10-day trip to Bahama. The court ruled that since the holiday wasn't a regular gift, officials had no right to dock her income. Bill 29 will change all that. "I can't believe

that meanness," Westbury said last week.

A disgruntled June Westbury, left Liberal in the Manitoba legislature, declared: "The legislation is despicable, but typical of the meanness-coldness of this government. It goes against all established Judeo-Christian ideas of charity and love." As the law stands, she adds, even gifts used clothing or baking for needy families could be evaluated and deducted by overzealous officials. One critic Brian Corbin says the law will discourage charity to those unfortunate enough to be on welfare. Kindly people wanting to send a welfare recipient's child-to-senior camp might hesitate lest We finally have its strategic support cut.

Unfettered by accusations of stinginess, Community Services Minister George Minaker says the Appeal Court ruling leaves the system open to abuse by the greedy, since it may take years to decide what is a regular or irregular gift. "When a taxpayer calls and asks why a neighbor is suddenly making him out of a funeral because the tax payer can't afford it, we have to investigate," he says. He allowed, though, that if a welfare case a welfare recipient a plane ticket to fly to a funeral, "We're not going to consider that."

Peter Cartlidge-Gordge

British Columbia

The sound of four hands grabbing

In a splashy media event, which was long on symbolism if short on substance, B.C. and Alberta cabinet ministers with their respective partners headed together in Victoria's legislative Government House last Friday in an unprecedented mass meeting. The western and across-the-border exercise

reportedly came just two weeks before scheduled oil pricing talks between Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed, and days before federal Energy Minister Marc Lalonde was scheduled to meet with his B.C. counterpart. Following six hours of meetings, however, the two premiers chose to go public with only two broad areas of agreement. Other upstream-front initiatives are promised for a fall meeting in Edmonton.

Not surprisingly, the resolution reflected the increasingly hawkish attitude toward Ottawa by Canada's two largest energy-producing provinces. Striking "complete and tested opposition" to a federal tax on energy exports,



Lougheed, Bennett & Woodin speak

You know,
Kronenbourg outsells
every other bottled beer
in Europe

Waiter,
change mine to
Kronenbourg
as well, please.

Change to the smooth taste of Kronenbourg.
Europe's Number One bottled beer.



The case of the woman who was too rich to die

By William Germany

In the old days, before the Beaches became one of Toronto's distinctive neighbourhoods, the well-to-do who lived and worked in the city built their cottages in the east, close to Lake Ontario. It was a summer place. Later, a school was built, a tennis club fol-



Peter Cranston, a well-known family physician in the area, was called last Nov. 7, despite the protests of the 78-year-old Neur, who was a Christian Scientist and had never consulted a doctor in her life. "I was against," Cranston recalls. "She was underweight, dehydrated, filthy dirty. She smelled of excrement. It was obvious to us she had

lowed, and as a warm afternoon the eld-
ers could be seen playing a game of
bowls on a lawned green. Today, spot-
ted between the mass traditional
beams, a few of the old cottage houses
as a quiet reminder, their wooden
frames and walls painted white, still, it
was, awaiting summer's brightness.
It was in such a cottage that a blackbird
had built its nest. Helen, spent her life
so wasted in the chattering of the frames
in her cluttered house was old. Her
days were idle and resting,
newspapers had been placed over them
to stay the clouds of dust from filling
the rooms when somebody walked on
them.

It was into this environment that Dr.

when she was admitted to her than 50 pounds at the time of her death six weeks later. She died of kidney failure, with malnutrition and dehydration as contributing factors. She also suffered from dementia, a form of *senility*.

Opinion in the United States

The major question at the inquest is how could a woman with such assets leave to death? Cranston testified that when he came to the house he found that she had been gone for about two weeks and that it was evident she had been sick for several months. Walsh said he had met Mrs. Heane a few times before cranstoning in with her. He also mentioned he found her in Kew Gardens park across the street from her home. "Her face was pale, her wig was to one side of her head, her hair was disheveled, her complexion was pasty and her eyes were half closed." He took her home and there he found "still deposits of human waste on the floor, a pool of urine in the

Wardle said she didn't draw and Hens said Wardle Jr. who he and his wife. He testified that she wanted her joint signature to the safety deposit box because she was worried people would take advantage of her. He recalled that she put jewelry and papers into the box and that money was the will. She would have been responsible for me to receive it," he testified.

On March 1 and May 9 of last year, accompanied by Wardle, par-

and from domestic with inherent re-

Star quality.

Five Star's secret of success
the extra smoothness and quality
that is unmistakably Seagram's.

Reach for the Star. Seagram's Five Star.



Chlorophyll-a and a fluorescence

kitchen and nothing to eat but a few used tea bags and stale bread." Walsh had to say, "Who's looking after you? Who's in charge of your affairs?" And, he said, she answered, "Theresa Waudie Jr. is supposed to be looking after me."

Wardlin, who has described the incident as a "wasteful" (for which he later apologized) and a "fishing trip," claimed that he had been in charge of Head's financial affairs, but only four months before Wardlin found her wandering in the park. Wardlin had told the woman to make out her will. It was at Head's urging, Wardlin said, adding that the idea was put into her head by neighbors who had sought her a lawyer—somehow he had found about four times—and took her to the lawyer's office, but he had no knowledge of what was in her will.

About six weeks later, Waudle said, Hess approached his mother at a weekly meeting at the Windle Community Service Centre, where Hess played the piano, and asked Mrs Waudle whether she would be a dual signatory on a safety deposit box at a bank. Mrs



FIVE STAR

the courtroom, snarled. "That's true, that's true." But in the summer of 1979, Walsh and Hess were pulling into a sewage difficulties. Hess was living on \$60 a week, which Wardle thought was plenty, but what he didn't know, he said, was that Walsh was "deserting" from Hess and finding four dogs at the same time.

Wardle tried to phone her before he went on vacation to Nunavut, and when he returned and saw her at the community centre she told him everything was "okay." It was on that occasion, on Sept. 21, that he decided to call in a public health nurse to see Hess because he didn't trust Walsh or expect him to wash the woman. Wardle then became concerned because Hess didn't turn up at the weekly social gathering of the centre for three weeks in a row. Whenever he called, he said, "Walsh and she would just say, 'I'm not coming.' He came to fear "terrible things," even at the front and twice at the back of the house.

On Nov. 9, two days before Hess was taken to hospital, Wardle finally did get in to see her. Walsh had told her that Hess had lost the \$4, that he had given her when sick and she would be better in a couple of days. In fact, she hadn't eaten in two weeks. Wardle offered to have his own doctor look at her, but she refused. It was to be expected. Wardle was asked by Coronor Peter King whether he felt a "moral responsibility" toward Hess. He replied, "She was just one of so many people we [the Wardle family] try to keep an eye on. I feel sorry she had her name dragged through the press." ◊

Ottawa

The house that roared

Whilst a crooked man, with wavy crooked suspense to buy a crooked house. The red-brick dwelling at 341 Stewart St. in Ottawa displays a brazen modernization job and a perceptible tilt to the left. And it is attracting visitors like the leaning tower of Pisa. During the first three days that its blue door was officially open last week, 3,200 people filed through its curious doorway to a job extravagantly and embarrassingly weighty. "It's very unprestigious. Too many barebones," says one woman. "Impossible to live in," says another. "You have to squat to look out the living room window," points out a barebones owner of six feet, two inches. "Fantastic. A drama," sighs a wowed security guard. And expensive, the red-faced owners could add, the renovations having run to \$350,000—almost

\$100,000 more than planned.

The Idea House started out as a minor project of the Ottawa Citizen, the capital's longest-circulation newspaper, last summer. Almost immediately after its purchase in May, 1979, the 89-year-old structure in Ottawa's Study Hill district blossomed into a lesson in the use of a watercolor. The scenario was straightforward enough—to take Citizen readers through the step-by-step renovation of an older house, day by day, between early July and mid-September, that had open hours. The paper's editor, Karen Mills, got the idea from a promotional start staged by a Boston television station.

Two hundred houses were scanned before 241 Stewart was selected, tilted and all. It was totally dilapidated and the potential cost was impossible: \$71,500—but that proved to be all that was required. The Idea House was to be a model to encourage Canadians to renovate their homes like the one between Art Buckwheat and George Flapjock. Costs climbed, work deadlines passed, walls collapsed. Eventually it was decided

341 Stewart Street after <http://www.ottawatimes.com>
The first home info-docs journalism



that the house was past too much structurally to take the extensive renovations planned by Ottawa architect Ron Kayser. A team of consulting engineers, called in for a \$4,000 fee, foreseen the installation of steel and concrete supports to hold the house together.

By December, the renovation budget of \$80,000 had been exceeded by \$10,000 and promised to continue skyward. Work stopped. Faced with a settlement or a court fight, the Citizen paid \$10,296 for the incomplete remedial job and promptly dismissed both the ar-

chitect and the building contractor. Hammer pounded again in May, but it took another \$50,000 in material and labor before the house was finally completed that July—10 months late at a total cost of \$202,800.

"I think we had a lot of gained," says Tom Hall, the reporter who helped choose the house and covered the info-documentary. Hall says it was most difficult to write articles that didn't make the paper sound too intelligent. On grand opening day, Editor Mills, Managing Editor Nelson Shantz and architect Kayser were all officially on site. The issue was "very sensitive," says one staffer.

A tour of the house is like flipping through the pages of a gloomy home decor magazine. But, rebuilt rather than restored, it looks like a home—house—that proved to be all that was required. The Idea House is now a model to encourage Canadians to renovate their homes like the one between Art Buckwheat and George Flapjock. Costs climbed, work deadlines passed, walls collapsed. Eventually it was decided

The Idea House caper isn't the first foray into the popular arena of disseminating news for the community-spirited Citizen. Last summer the paper also bought a coat, to test whether do-it-yourself butchering was more economical than buying beef over the counter. It ran a no-slaughtering campaign and a regimen to help its readership lose weight. Then there was the deprivation project that involved scrapping television sets from five news stations for a month and sharing their withdrawal symptoms. All this reader participation proved popular. But a recent series on homosexuality obviously went too far. Not only did a homosexual reporter on the assignment receive several death threats and a pile of nasty letters, but about 300 readers endorsed their subversive opinions.

A number of the Citizen's more serious stories on the paper have "inconspicuous priorities" whenever along the way and that there's less and less space for hard news. They can hope that by the time the management unloads its quarter-of-a-billion-dollar worth of reorganized assets, it may decide to renovate and restore the old journalistic edifice. Just cover the news, as being at least much, much cheaper.

Xerxes Head

Correction

In an article appearing in the June 8, 1980, issue of Maclean's concerning Canadian participation in the Cannes Film Festival, it may have been suggested that Robert Laroche's *Illes Apaguy* had not appeared anywhere. Maclean's now understands that the film was being shown in France at the time the article appeared.

Business

Piping to a different tune

By Ian Anderson

Conservative Harrie Andrus could be accused for calling the nation's energy minister "over-dressed." After all, he didn't say it in Parliament but when Marc Lalonde was debating opposition charges that he was about to approve the "yes-build" section of the Alaska natural gas pipeline without first requiring U.S. guarantees for completion of the \$3 billion project just seven months earlier, Lalonde, then in Opposition, flung a snarly Tory plan at him. "One of the greatest setbacks we have now," he warned, "is that without an 'agreed-upon guarantee,' the [deutsche] driven project might simply become abandoned conduct for Canadian gas exports."

While Andrus might question Lalonde's integrity, he has no quarrel with the pre-build decision. The border of the Canadian section of the line, Postville Pipe Lines (Yukon) Ltd., needs the cash flow and Alberta gas producers need a market. Nearly twice as much new gas is being discovered annually in Canada that is consumed or exported says Calgaryan Andrus. "What I do is going to look at it if he can't sell it." Ottawa's great dream was that it could use the surplus gas to fill a \$5 billion U.S. administration. The Alaska pipeline meant about 30,000 man-years of work and 45 billion of Canadian materials and labor. And, as important, it means a cheap way to hook up our own antiquated northern grids in the Beaufort Sea.

What Lalonde discovered, was political embarrassment, as that Canada's gas is not that important to the U.S. just now. Sharp when in U.S. natural gas prices have sent dealers scurrying for their pipelines. Some analysts now forecast that the so-called "over-build" belt along the eastern edge of the Rockies will prove to be the continent's rich club gas zone. Meanwhile, U.S. utilities are taking just 60 per cent of the export gas made available by them by Ottawa's National Energy Board. In the same period a year ago, they were taking 88 per cent Canada's record sharp rise in the export charge (Canadian gas less than half for their gas) have irritated key state politicians such as Washington's Governor Dixie Lee Ray.

For that reason it has been impossible to get U.S. action on the pipeline in this election year. The U.S. Congress has promised to give the project's completion "highest priority but probably cannot debate it until the fall. Further, President Jimmy Carter has promised a later this week assuming his support. But neither action is legally binding.

For Lalonde, it is now a matter of what he calls "subject judgment" on the assurances of the U.S. government. "No approval will be given unless we have satisfactory assurances that the full line will be built," he said last week. With no explanation, the government last Wednesday delayed making a decision that had appeared to be all but

settled conduct for Canadian gas exports.

While Andrus might question Lalonde's integrity, he has no quarrel with the pre-build decision. The border of the Canadian section of the line, Postville Pipe Lines (Yukon) Ltd., needs the cash flow and Alberta gas producers need a market. Nearly twice as much new gas is being discovered annually in Canada that is consumed or exported says Calgaryan Andrus. "What I do is going to look at it if he can't sell it." Ottawa's great dream was that it could use the surplus gas to fill a \$5 billion U.S. administration. The Alaska pipeline meant about 30,000 man-years of work and 45 billion of Canadian materials and labor. And, as important, it means a cheap way to hook up our own antiquated northern grids in the Beaufort Sea.

What Lalonde discovered, was political embarrassment, as that Canada's gas is not that important to the U.S. just now. Sharp when in U.S. natural gas prices have sent dealers scurrying for their pipelines. Some analysts now forecast that the so-called "over-build" belt along the eastern edge of the Rockies will prove to be the continent's rich club gas zone. Meanwhile, U.S. utilities are taking just 60 per cent of the export gas made available by them by Ottawa's National Energy Board. In the same period a year ago, they were taking 88 per cent Canada's record sharp rise in the export charge (Canadian gas less than half for their gas) have irritated key state politicians such as Washington's Governor Dixie Lee Ray.



Lalonde: no approval without assurances

chances of challenging in court the oilmen's right to proceed with the pre-build without guarantees of the full line's completion. He suggested the surplus gas be bought by the Ontario government for future use in the province. "I am not going to expect that gas and it's going to be to my benefit," he said last week. With no explanation, the government last Wednesday delayed making a decision that had appeared to be all but

New wings for an old warrior

This report covers my first full year as president and chief executive officer. I am not satisfied.

The bald beginning was a remarkable departure from the customary evasions of corporate reports. And it is a very hot topic, author, Harry Steele. Since paying \$6 million for control of Eastern Provincial Airways Limited in November 1979, Steele has been more forthcoming in efforts to get his hands back off the grass. He has come, brought in new blood and tackled problems with a vigor that led Gerry Johnson, president of the St. John's Board of Trade, to call him "a ball of perpetual motion."

But the reported Midas touch that made Steele a millionaire in real estate and stock market investments appeared to have less to do with power than by the end of 1980's first quarter, the small Atlantic passenger airline was still losing money. Late last month, however, the former *lutanier-commander* of the Royal Canadian Navy base in Gander showed he could parlay those losses into a gain, which may be the turning point in Steele's fortunes. Pending review and playing at the political lousiness



Pre-build proposed (in circles), oil laid in the loop, one of the greatest networks

and the Craig left the Canadian pipeline companies, which had set July 15 as the deadline for approval of construction of the pre-build, to start this year, grasping an assessment and anxiety. One company was told the day was ordered and the CEO reviews the U.S. response to Ottawa, meanwhile, has Weddell, the star energy critic, maledict over the

of regional routes, Steele managed to wrest the plucky Halifax-Toronto route from a airline giant, Vancouver-based Canadian Pacific Air Lines, in an unusual last-minute cabinet overruling of a Canadian transport commission decision. As he stood on the tarmac at the Halifax airport last week and shook hands with passengers from CPA's first Toronto flight, Steele showed that if anyone could help save what his predecessor image, he could.

CPA began in 1949 as a bush airline offering mail and ambulance services to Newfoundlanders who had nothing else outside the Avalon peninsula. Under the ownership of Cheddy Comeau, and then his son Andrew (whose brother is the former Terry Faunes minister) and the benevolent eye of the Newfoundland government, the airline became a full-fledged Atlantic regional carrier, with 2019 revenues of \$10 million. Its major problem, according to Steele, is that the regional lines have an air of legitimacy. He stopped just short of predicting bankruptcy if he didn't get the potentially lucrative Toronto route, but warned: "There's no future for regional carriers in Canada unless they take people where they want to go."

Steele's words found favor with Atlantic politicians, but not with the CEO which awarded the Halifax-Toronto route to CPA in April. Also uninvited was the Halifax Board of Trade, which had vision of an international and Western Canadian tourist boom from CPA promotion. Though separated by 80 per cent of airfares at CPA hearings last winter, CPA came in far more hard knocks. The CPA suggested the debt-ridden airline could not afford to take on a route that CPA estimated would lose \$3.2 million in the first two



Steele, presiding poverty, the Halifax route

years of operation. Steele, who predicts the route will make almost that much profit in the first year alone, called the criterion "piling and swelling." There were also accusations that CPA was not burning hard enough in the region, that its fuel-guzzling Boeing 727s, which often fly half-empty, were a "horrible way to lose money."

Steele reluctantly admits that CPA management in the past was not all it could have been. [He can hardly be more critical than that since former chairman Keith Cuthbert and President David Miller, from whom he purchased control, are still government board mem-

bers.] But he is not apologizing for the CPA of today, nor does he have much sympathy for the old CPA, so confident that Steele would lose his license to the cabinet that it spent between \$1 million and \$2 million to set up shop in Halifax. Although Steele says he does not intend to push CPA's regional mandate beyond Toronto, it is a partner in a bid for the much larger Maritime which has been before the cabinet since last year. A competing bid by Quebecair appears all but assured of success, but Steele hints it is the preferred one. And Harry Steele is not a man to take no for an answer.

Gillian Mackay, with files from Geoff Hunt and Sue Calhoun

hard line on Japanese imports, which now command more than 20 per cent of the U.S. market but soon will be a cushion of Carter's previous champion of free trade—modest warning to the Japanese. Again, they may have been a political consideration, but in the wake of growing confrontation, the Japanese should be thinking twice in the United States, and not just in the U.S. It was assumed last week that Ford Motor Company and Toyota Corp. are discussing a joint venture.

But Japan was more real model than warning for politicians and auto executives in Detroit last week. Carter said the aid package was the "first step" in a "positive relationship" between government and the auto industry. Lee Iacocca, chairman of Chrysler Corp., said: "We're taking a page out of the Japanese book—we've got to do exports." Whether or not this isolated resolution will tell beyond the walls of the oil-rich nation remains to be seen.



Carter is Dismayed at imports, even showing

an Japanese car. [In Canada, federal industry Minister Herb Gray said he was "relatively sanguine" the need for winter assistance.] The aide package did not satisfy the growing hunger within the industry for a

Stealing the show in Motor City

Perhaps it was just coincidence that, on the eve of the National Republican Convention in Detroit, U.S. President Jimmy Carter descended into Michigan's Motor City for a non-political 20 minutes and reinforced a major electoral package. But to Republicans hoping to profit off the polls from the 30-per-cent unemployment in the auto sector if cracked off what was called "soiled politics," Sec. of Republican Party Chairman Bill Brock, "We Carter is a lot of noise even showing up in this city."

Certainly it did Carter no harm in Motor City to offer between \$200 million and \$400 million in loans to car dealers, a reduction in costly emission and safety standards and an expanded training drive requested by the United Auto Workers for import curbs

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Save on Maclean's and get this magnificent wall map of Canada at no extra cost.



Picture this giant wall map in your den, study or children's room!

- Over 3 ft. wide x 2 ft. high
- Created in full color; with special hand-toned effects
- Shows you all the provinces, towns, cities, lakes, rivers, parks etc. in clear, easy-to-read detail
- Printed on heavy quality paper, ready for mounting

Best of all, it's your Bonus Gift with a money-saving subscription to Maclean's!

When news breaks—in St. John's, Victoria or somewhere in between—be ready for it. With your bonus map of Canada, you'll be able to pinpoint the hottest hot spots. And with Maclean's, you'll get the whole story—lively, in-depth coverage of all the news that matters. World as well as national news. Plus business, sports and entertainment... science, travel, people... and much more. All brought to you from a uniquely Canadian perspective.

Act now to get Canada's only weekly newsmagazine (plus a valuable bonus of no extra cost) while specially-reduced rates are still in effect.

Now get 2 EXTRA ISSUES FREE!

Maclean's BONUS GIFT & SAVINGS COUPON

<input type="checkbox"/> Send my bonus Map of Canada plus 23 issues of Maclean's for only \$11.95 (off my issue price \$18.00). Send my bonus map.	<input type="checkbox"/> Send my bonus Map of Canada plus 23 issues of Maclean's for only \$11.95 (off my issue price \$18.00). Send my bonus map.
<input type="checkbox"/> GET 2 EXTRA ISSUES FREE!	<input type="checkbox"/> I want \$11.95. Send my bonus map of Canada plus 24 issues of Maclean's.
<input type="checkbox"/> I want \$11.95. Send my bonus map of Canada plus 24 issues of Maclean's.	<input type="checkbox"/> GET 2 EXTRA ISSUES FREE!

Address	City	Prov.	Zip
Telephone			

YOUR
BONUS
GIFT

Adience loved it when *Bent* Reynolds and a team of acting essentials challenged strict parents to work out their differences on the football field in the 1974 film *The Longest Yard*. Now *Sylvester Stallone* is playing an even more aggressive referee than the film *Roughie to Victory*, but instead of creating good-natured American political turf, he's kicking a soccer ball across a fictitious Berlin Wall prisoner-of-war camp in Budapest. True to Rocky traditions, Stallone has been refining a double-take move and starts an diving, looking and rolling in the dirt to achieve the appropriate realization. Though Stallone's going to approach to the game is appreciated by rooster Michael Caine, and director John Waters, the producers have assembled a world-class team of 16 players for bone-crushing nothingness. Leading the resistor is Brazilian wonder-kicker Pele, in his first film role. "What British schoolboy wouldn't love to have an experience like that?" asks Caine, who coaches the Allens' team. "I'm supposed to be teaching Pele how to play soccer!"

Charles Aznavour isn't sympathetic with Turner Ontario owner *Bob Sansi*. Aznavour's ornate performance as a Jewish lay shokoper in the controversial film *The Tin Drum* may never be seen in Ontario if censor-happy censors have their way. "How can they call *Giant* pornographic?" Aznavour



Stallone (above); Aznavour (left); Peña (below) serving both in drama and comedy



asked Merleau before a recent concert in Toronto's Ontario Place. "They are hypocrites. I showed *The Tin Drum* to my children." The smoky-voiced rooster-like balladeer, who was lured by *Barbra Streisand* to *Vietnam*, but instead of creating good-natured American political turf, he's kicking a soccer ball across a fictitious Berlin Wall prisoner-of-war camp in Budapest. True to Rocky traditions, Stallone has been refining a double-take move and starts an diving, looking and rolling in the dirt to achieve the appropriate realization. Though Stallone's going to approach to the game is appreciated by rooster Michael Caine, and director John Waters,

While it may be that *Songs of Pounding Dogs* will never make the pop charts and *Song of Cooking Seal Flippers* is not an in-the-classic, must-thrust singer Alain Toussaint and Tony Annequin from Povangatik, Que., are doing their best to spread the word, or sound, of the Far North. Thrust singing—the art of chest-like vibrations of the vocal cords performed in complementary duet—blueprints the North's open, name-filled, sound-filled spaces. Last month, the singers performed in support of the Canadian Mosaic Heritage Collection which is plotting a series of recordings documenting Canada's multibehaved sound traditions. It's a project that may even be more crucial in Povangatik where the *Beothuk Indians* are the current chart-toppers.

Furniture is about truth and falsehood and that is exactly what an actor's job involves, explains *Monica Lewinsky*. The award-winning French actress is currently in Montreal playing a psychologist with a mysterious illness in *Farcey*, parasitised by forces. *MPTV*'s surprise *Wayne Rogers* tracks down *Vincent Van Gogh*, in the \$4.5-million *Sixty Art of Death*. After a "delicious" childhood in Indonesia where her father was a diplomat, Fauer was at college in Nice when she serendipitously auditioned for a role in a *French Truffaut* film, and then went on to Paris to study political science. Since then, she has appeared in such classics as *Comme*, *Coquille* and *Truffaut's Love on the Run*, which she co-scripted. "Truffaut is like a father to me," admits the 38-year-old actress. Though she is probably best known to North American audiences for her role as a ditzing waitress in the rag-to-grits saga *Straight*, Fauer allowed some of her own high-minded principles by turning down a lucrative part in the sequel in favor of more artistic endeavors. As she explains, "I like to make the shades between popular and commercial films."



Lewinsky (left); Wright, pallid on ice and on an *IceTales* date of woe

political massacres. Boyd plans to release an SP-Spanish album this fall, and says that after living in Mexico she feels that it's her "second home." She charmed the press by speaking Spanish and playing *La Paloma*, which she learned for the occasion. Partita responded with harsh Latin charms, saying, "When we think of classical guitar, we will think of Canada and an angel who played it was not the hand of a guitarist we heard tonight, but the wings of an angel." The angel will be grounded by icy conditions when she plays for a special segment of *cTV's Show* on next Sunday, while *Toronto* tries to escape its freezing weather.

Country and western singer *Mal Tillis* is no doo-wop and he doesn't mind it. A recent experiment with marijuanna was enough to put Tillis on the referee wagon for good. "I thought I was a dock," he recalls. "I know it sounds pretty fatty, but I actually stripped off all my clothes, lit up the cab and jumped in. I got soaked in the water for about 15 minutes. I started real bad and I remember I even shatting when I quacked. Pot is terrible."

When Mexican President *José López Portillo* was fingered over liquor with Governor *Guillermo Soberón* during his official visit last month, it was first lady of the guitar *Anna Knyel* who soothed the savage beasties between the

sharks," says Treadick, whose name may comfort some of the thousands of tourists who will see her suspended in a stainless steel-cage in Sea World's \$60-million *Shark Enclosure* tank. Treadick and four other "sea maids" put on 30 shows a day, drifting around in their cages between audience shots and ferocious audience voyages through the sharks in a Plexiglas tunnel. After three months of rehearsals, Treadick and crew went public last month and, so far, no one has suffered a nibble. "A couple of the manta sharks [about two metres long] like to ram against the cage," she says affectionately. "They get as tick just like you or me."

After only five years, the blue is leaving the waters of *Jaws*, while the blood spatters from Robert Shaw's mouth gets redder," complains director *Steven Spielberg*. *Jaws* and *Shaw* are only the tip of the shark's nose, according to director *Martin Scorsese*, who is leading a Hollywood retelling and genre campaign. He's protecting the fading, bleeding and generally deteriorating color film stock from Eastman Kodak and the inadequate storage facilities afforded by studios, which threatens the lifespan of movies made after the Second World War. "I'm sick and tired of seeing pictures year after year get worse and worse," says Scorsese, who made his latest picture, *Raging Bull*, in black and white to avoid the blood-dose dilemma. "It took me seven years to find a 35-mm print of *Carrie* *Visconti's* *The Leopard*," he says. "And it's pink. It's a pink leopard!"

Once upon a time there seemed to be a *Shogun*. She was an 18-year-old American debutante and he was her the cause of a big Himalayan kingdom. Now *Connie and Peter Thoeny* are trying to re-create the hunting and queen of *Sikkim*. The world uniteth. Then the rhinoceros gathered. Subjects protested the monarchy. India swallowed Sikkim, the monarchy was out and the marriage was over. Queen Hippie returned to the U.S. with their two children, the long-since overused on herbicides and the final chapter is a court battle over child custody. The former monarch says the children should visit Sikkim because "They need to keep in touch with their people, their language and their traditions. They have practically forgotten their language." Now known as Mrs. Nangyal, the ex-queen only comments, "It's sad and unfortunate."

Edited by Marsha Houston

In the public aquaculture business, I'm working my way to the top in an electric progression. For example, 20-year-old *Phyllis Trahan* started an aquaculture two years ago at *Sea World* in Orlando, Florida. "I went from sea lions to dolphins to whales—and that's how I got

Sourpusses and soreheads: death in the Sweet Science

By Trent Freyne

In a place where a great many people wear their left eye, a fighter named Scott LeDoux was wearing stink tartar. For seven rounds he had fought a losing game with it against half of the world's current supply of heavyweight champions. Larry Holmes. Watching Scott's left eye slowly turn to ham hock, viewers out here in Intervale land perhaps recalled Jimmy Braddock's critique of the technique of George Chuvalo. "Everybody over-fights with his face," Jimmy said.

Now the bloodletting in over Holmes has been spared sighted down his sword and thrusting it into the redding ball. The referee, the horse-ostrichian named Diane Pearl, has stepped between the men and stopped the carnage. Instantly the arena is filled with boos and whistles as fight fans grab into the smoke which riffs in the lights above the ring. They shake their fans and stamp their feet. They are outraged that Pearl has deprived them of dessert.

He has allowed LeDoux, a home-town Minneapolis boy at that, to leave the ring in a vertical position, assisted by a stretcher or even on his back. The nerves of the crowd.

Howard Gould, the pectorial amateur boxer, shakes his head in all our living rooms: "There are certain reactions by the people in this country that are downright frightening," he says to us. Well, yes, but not just in the fight game. The people who want blood at fights are also the people who shoot the president and the likeable. They are the same fine folks who bring you *The Gong Show*, The Beverly Hillbillies and \$15 million a picture for Bert Reynolds. They also, Howard Gould may have forgotten, bring you Howard Gould.

he majority rules. If more people had voted for the Twins, Joe Clark would be picking up the mat at 21 Sussex Drive. If people stayed away from Bob's mom, he'd have to find work. Howard, too, if more people started away from his unflattering joint with the

mother tongue. Perhaps the fight game brings out the worst in people because there is nothing more basic than a punch on the nose. Little kids do it, big kids do it, drunks especially do it. A lot of people who do not do it would like to do it; hot fear repeat. Others think of doing it but they're too civilized. There aren't as many of them.

Most politicians and sports leaders recognise the stomachy nature of what

leather tongue. Perhaps the fight game brings out the worst in people because there is nothing more basic than a punch on the nose. Little kids do it, big kids do it, drunks especially do it. A lot of people who do not do it would like to do it; hot fear repeat. Others think of doing it but they're too civilized. There aren't as many of them.

Most politicians and sports leaders recognise the stomachy nature of what



A. J. Lashling called, with a nice nose twist, The Sweet Session, and that's about as nice as it gets. Whenever we see a death, we always seem to be talking about it, just as we talk of a recent release from the federal minister responsible for sports, Gerald Regan, did following the June 20 battering of Cleveland Danny by Canada's lightweight champion, Gaston Hart. This was in the first bout on an Olympic Stadium program that beatified Roberto Duran and Sugar Ray Leonard fighting for a world title. In addition, the provincial government appointed a new sports security board to conduct an inquiry into this really art of self-defense in Quebec.

All of which is a bunch of baloney. A federal minister and a provincial board are hardly required to slow down the pace of the fight game. It's the 300th from ring-beating in the United States and Canada since 1980. If still and forever were all the rights were sought, the gladiators could be advised as headbutters and father-banging

"We can't understand how they stopped the fight," said Joe, whose nose remained intact throughout the fight. "They punched and blew a cold fight for us. The fact of the matter is they read about somebody else having his life, so pretty soon a black eye looks great to them. It looks like a reason for stopping a fight. When we get out of it we'll share."

Well, Scott had one. Joe's didn't show.



THE MCGUINNESS ATTITUDE

You're not everybody. You make your own choices. You set your own style. Nobody sells you with a label or a fancy price. You know what you like and that's what counts.

McGuinness Vodka

"There's more
to me than sixty words
a minute."
— DAN O'MARA
PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAMBERT



Environment

Drilling ahead with no slick solutions

By Marilyn Beard

From his house in St. John's, Newfoundland, Allian can watch, even as he talks on the telephone, the Arctic Ocean roll in and out at the full-blown tides, the erratic waves of the North Atlantic, the ebb and flow of fresh, salt and cold, a clockwise geyser to a massive sunburst sandbar. Allian, "I'd swear if I could I see it every day," says Yet Allian, assistant director of the Centre for Cold Ocean Resources Engineering at Memorial University, has trouble bringing himself to say out loud what he and a lot of scientists know full well that Canada's plunge into offshore oil exploration could well be environmental madness. "It's my job, I suppose, to be a advocate," admits Yet Allian, "but I'm not." ■

Late last month the federal government gave the go-ahead to a series of experimental oil spills in Arctic waters off the northern tip of Baffin Island, a five-year, \$4-million project financed by three Canadian oil companies. "It's a small step in the right direction," concedes Allian. However, any one spill makes critics skeptical of environmental claims made in a report by its own environmental experts.

Although the federal government's decision to put the cart before the horse is unreasonable—if it's not about to tell the oil industry to stop drilling after spending \$1.5 billion on frontier exploration—the question until now has been

Department when it asked the federal cabinet not to allow drilling to proceed in the Beaufort until a proper environmental assessment was made.

Scores of studies have been done in the past seven years. Yet, as Don Gaetz, director of policy studies for the Canadian Arctic Resources Committee, puts it: "It's irresponsible to claim that we have any kind of capability for clearing up oil in Arctic waters." While Canada has the strictest environmental guidelines in the world, it is also blessed with the most formidable environment.

There is only an all-too-brief eight-week period during which the weather permits an effective clean-up operation to be conducted. If, during that period, a well cannot be capped or a relief well drilled, oil can flow uninterrupted until the next drilling season. Says Gamble: "We don't even know what will happen

Canada's most recent opportunity to lead set what it doesn't know about cleaning up oil spills was in March, 1978, when the British知性者 broke in two after encountering heavy fog off Cape Breton, spilling 5,000 tons of bunker fuel. The coast guard and a hardy crew of Cape Bretoners cleaned

Dense rig anti-icebreaker (top left); the Kondiljan (top), basket routes and drill sites (left), oil-coated bear (above, right); seal after stick experiment. 'We don't know what will happen to the oil.'

up about 80 per cent of the sheriffs with guns, shovels and plastic garbage bags, equipment about as effective in the North as a plateau of paper towels.

Although the unknowns outnumber the knowns, numerous experiments have been conducted and more are under way this summer to determine exactly what would happen to the oil from a tank car spill or a blowout under the ice. In the meantime, conventional clean-up procedures deployed in southern waters—burning of oil, various chemical dispersants, sweeping oil away with boats and skimmers dragged by

— are now being adapted for the North. Experiments are being conducted to test the effectiveness of dragging agents from planes in barnacles infected in surface pools. New combinations of chemical dispersants are also being tested, although the most promising ones still react most slowly with barnacles in cold water. Even devices to cap wells under the seabed are under consideration. "We have some estimates from Lockheed Petroleum," says Ken Bell, acting chief of research and development of the emergency branch of Environment Canada. "That to cap a well and bring it to the surface would cost \$10 million and take three years just for one well." Yet the tank industry is not all there is; methods, most of them, are good only for absorbing, or removing oil during the short open-water season.

far, Doms Petroleum and its holding subsidiary, Causse, have led industry in environmental research since it has spent about \$6 million, since drilling began in 1976. The company says it has spent about \$20 million on environmental research and total capital investment of more than \$300 million. Although the industry is responsible for cleaning up some areas, the company says, "the bulk of the bill in the last few years," Doms has a \$50-million bond for risks elsewhere and more than \$50 million in insurance coverage for the fleet. "I think we could clean up a lot," says Vice-President Gérard Lévesque. "But I think a major effort will be necessary to do so and prove a major setback to our drilling program."

part of its government-approved cleanup plan for the Beaufort, it has been caught for failing to add 22 metric tons of sulfur in 1997—18 words, for failing to follow its own fully charted guidelines. In fact, it has suffered a number of accidents since 1975, including three hydrogen water and gas Northwest and ship spills involving 55,000 gallons of fuel damaged, overlooking seepages. Only a small proportion of fuel could ever be located, says Pete Pease, environmental supervisor for the company. "We covered hundreds of miles with planes and down equipment. We speculated that amount of it was leaked."

100,000-barrel production is targeted for 1990, when the company forecasts a fleet of up to 30 icebreakers, each capable of carrying some 20 barrels of oil from the Beaufort through the Northwest Passage to the Coast. What tankers carry oil to Newfoundland and elsewhere they pass mostly over the Grand Banks, where 13 nursery wells are already located. Men are anxious about their future. Guy Edmiston, president of Bay Products Ltd. of St. John's, "A world would be catastrophic." He just

With major decisions already made in the early exploratory stages of the game, the probability of serious ones will increase when industrial production begins," says Gamble of EBC. "We're being as careful as we can in the planning stage, but things are not as certain as they are in the government and Dene land deals. Things are going wrong." Yet, if technology soon does take a toll, there may still be plenty to worry about. A 1976 government study concluded that 70 per cent of oil spills is related to an error, says Gamble. "We're beginning with a problem to which there is no simple solution," he adds.

The auction block runneth over

When the entire Yukon town of Clinton Creek went up at the auction block two years ago after the asbestos mine closed, only a handful of buyers braved the tortuous 65-km bus journey from Whitehorse to the site. Among them was Stephan Hermann, who went along mostly out of curiosity. But he—like the others—got caught up in the excitement of bidding and ended up owner of two four-bedroom houses, the town's Malamute Saloon (minus license), a six-bay garage and a three-trailer complex—all for a mere \$6300. "I guess I just freaked out with the auction's excitement," explains Hermann, a jeweler from Bear Creek, Yukon, who has yet to figure out what he will do with his deserted assets in the frozen North.

Although few end up with a town on



per-cent auction tax. Since 1974, they have raised \$11.5 million to \$30 million in 1978.

For the seller, the auction's appeal is partly that it's the quickest way to liquidate, an advantage that brought about its creation several decades ago when slaves, spics or other "commodities" were unloaded from the holds of ships and placed directly on the auction block in port. Nowadays, however, both price and the post-auction market in the past are encouraging to sellers; more people than ever are collecting. And art and antique auctions are the favorite hobby of collectors, says Martin Rydell, an avid collector of "trees"—small woodenware—and editor-in-chief of the Canadian Collector. "Half the fun of collecting is attending auctions because that's where the bargains and excitement are," he says. Increasing interest in dining at picnics and in turn fueling even more enthusiasm, he adds.

One of the newest trends in auctions is real estate. Terms are advertised along with the sale date and the highest bid is presented as a final offer. In the past two years, Norm Moore of Alder Flats, Alta., one of several realtors now expanding into property sections, has sold as much property—more than \$1 million worth—by auction as by multiple listings. To Merrill Nihonson of Rock Lake, Alta., an auction is the "best way" to buy a house at its true market value. "Buyers advise their relatives, 'Don't be afraid to bid on a brand new home with 10 minutes left if it's \$175,000,'" he says. "That's another reason why local real property is sold so easily."

Nevertheless, the auction is not a bargain for everyone. Crowds can sometimes get carried away. One auctioneer claims the price of cheap glasses can be doubled merely by shaking bright lights on it during a display. For Hermann, who bought part of a town he didn't need because it was a bargain, that doesn't matter. To him, the Clinton Creek auction was a "so-on-in-a-lifetime" kick. "What the hell if I bought more than I wanted? I got a bargain and had a hell."

Diane French

their hands, increasing numbers of Canadians are now buying anything an auctioneer can lay his gavel on and buying it anywhere, from dilapidated barns where the possession of a lifetime or the farm are carted away piecemeal by strangers, to swanky city salons where a pair of panting clothes only as sumptuous as its unpriced appreciation. A combination of consumerism and carnival, auctioneers are offering escape from increasingly congested chain-store searching, but the best escape seems to be from the surface. They're providing sellers with a competitive marketplace and buyers with the opportunity to buy more than the costs of storage and display. Says Dave Ritseis, founder of Ritseis Art Auctioneers, Canada's longest and the first that "knocked down" Clinton Creek in a day: "Our business is good when business is good. And our business is better when business is tough."

And sales are skyrocketing. Ritseis' auction of \$80 million worth of heavy equipment last year—up from \$80 mil-

Illustration: Michael O'Leary

Saving sick kids from sick TV

At the 294-bed Winnipeg Children's Centre hospital, child psychologist Deborah Gattineau enters a child's room and, to her horror, finds the bedridden patient glued to a TV screen open showing a character engrossed in flames. The young viewer is a born victim. In another room Gattineau finds a black child wrangling a talk show. Being interviewed is an extraterrestrial white impersonator. Elsewhere, she finds sick children watching an assortment of romance, violence and commercials in



Hospitalized viewers in Winnipeg: no escape

some ways as sick as the children themselves. But as the three available channels change there's little choice. However, 400 km north, at the Mississauga Children's Health Centre, there is an alternative, one that the Winnipeg hospital and a number of other Canadian hospitals hope to base into the future.

What the Mississauga children have been watching for the past two years is Channel 13, better known as Get-well Television, a private and personalized closed-circuit channel run by its organizer, Larry Johnson. Each morning Johnson tours the wards, interviewing sick patients along with their tiddly bear, for rebroadcast later in the day. He also passes out pieces of paper, as "electronic get-well cards," on which the children can scribble a message and send it on the screen that afternoon. Or other car load over their staffed toy, are then sent across later and interview them by phone from their beds via a

hookup to Johnson's operating studio. Get-well Televisions also offers games involving common hospital objects.

The Minneapolis channel produces four hours a day of programming—the amount of time the average child in the Winnipeg hospital spends watching commercial television, according to a recent study by Gattineau. The figure was no less as high as for non-hospitalized children. "The hospital," says Gattineau, "has a very active and creative child-life program for mobile children, but if you're confined to bed that's not much help. You watch TV." As a result



DI-AL-Y-SIS

The process by which thousands of men, women, and children must wash their blood. The process without which these kidney patients would die.

To donate money for research, to pledge your kidneys for transplant, to find out more, contact your local Kidney Foundation.
Kidney Foundation of Canada

HELP
THE KIDNEY
FOUNDATION
IN THE
FIGHT FOR LIFE.



From left, Boarders: Chester Crozier with multicolored cow from Edinboro, Green, Chrysanth. "We are not dealing with ordinary phenomena but with the rare animal."

Behavior

Of little green men and mutilated cows

By Suzanne Zane

Frank Spaul, an Owyah, Alta., farrier, looking after 400 or 500 head of cattle, horses and mow on one of his properties in Mill Creek, Spaul reported, that there were about 20 cuts around the animal's pen. He declared that death had been caused by a shoulder bony hump, but he couldn't figure out what caused the wound. A week earlier, another Owyahs' farrier, Vincent Christoff, lost his largest cow. The 15-year-old animal was found lying near a slough. A large circular piece of skin had been cut from the rear of the animal near her sex organ.

The cattle mutilations that plagued Alberta ranchers last summer seemed, after a winter's hibernation, to be back in business. The Alberta RCMP has investigated about 75 suspicious animal deaths this year and has confirmed four fatalities. In the past few years in the U.S., authorities have carved out the gatorine, bungoos, marr and/or tail of as many as 10,000 cattle. While cattle are the usual victims, horses, llamas and even pet pigeons have also been reported. Local sheriff's, federal government investigators, amateur sleuths and UFO watchers have been enthusiastically pursuing the perpetrators and have given the mystery the name of a cattle-munching conspiracy. Investigators still hold dear their tightly-kept, partially blurred

the American mind, Bauden argues that the communists are the physical manifestation of the whole human consciousness which is somehow aware that the Soviets will, probably within three years, invade and destroy the Western World. Unconsciously, "we've picked up vibes about a whole series of scores." Soviet weapons against which the U.S. has no defense, he says. In due course, he adds, the communists will be able to dominate the world by capturing the U.S., and the gradual penetration of the communists indicates the precision of the military operation to come. The removal of genitalia and organs signifies the end of capitalism in the Western world and the uncoupling of ears and tongues predicts the end of free speech.

bacteria and bacteria-fighting lymphocyte fluid, close to bacterial-surface research. There's even a group blurring multinationals' oil companies. It suggests the multinationals are part of a new form of petroleum exploration—billiard balls sweep upward and travel around one another.

When you see it printed on advertising mail or in mail order ads in publications, you know that it's from someone you can trust. So when you shop by mail, you know you'll receive exactly what you ordered.

Our members work for publishers, mail order catalogues, book clubs, fine printers, department stores, financial institutions, insurance firms, schools, governments, etc. They represent about 80% of the direct marketing industry.

CANADA has been by a long, hard fight to
winning the present campaign.

others into range part

Mills feels the mage patrols have helped head off the confrontations this summer, while Green credits putting a lot of publicity on the issue last spring helped talk down some investigations. "It seems to be working. Last year, we had cases coming out of our area, while this year has been relatively quiet," says Green. And while one Calaveras station has lodged a protest against the CMC about the new blackout, Green has a glim: "They say to see things through. I really don't like looking at the same thing." □

*This symbol assures you
there is order in the
mail order business*



If you've had poor treatment from a mail order seller, after trying to resolve the problem with the seller, write us about your experience. Give us as much information as possible. We'll get after them for you, member or non-member and we will do our best to resolve the situation for you.

On, write to if you want your name taken off [or added on to] the mailing lists of our members - we call this our Mail Preference Service. It's been in operation since 1975. The scores to date is 3,274 people removed off and 8,446 added on.

Richardson, 1999; www.gutenberg.org [accessed 2008-01-15].

Whether you're in your office or a trade show booth, our highly informative brochure "Direct Mail and You" will discuss some controversial points about advertising mail. For copies, write to CDM, MA, 150 Consumers Road, Suite 405, Willowdale, Ontario M2J 1P4.

Mail your order today!

Canadian

The logo consists of the lowercase letters "djl" in a bold, italicized font. A small circular emblem containing a stylized maple leaf is positioned to the left of the "d".

Canadian
Direct Mail/Marketing
Association

Devotees of the kiss of ink on paper

By David Wienberger

When the last member of the Group of Seven is 88 years old and publishes a book of prints, the demand is predictably high. But even if you are destined enough to venture \$3,000, you will not be able to buy a copy of A.J. Casson's *Tribute* when it is published this month. Indeed, it is not being published so much as delivered; all 300 copies were bought before the book was printed. The supply will



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID WENBERGER

Painter, Abel and Michael Bellis-Sanchez
(above); Toronto shaper Frederic

only hold in low regards by the dealers for being overly hyped. It is a sign of the maturing of the market that at the May auction of limited editions at Sotheby Parkes in Toronto, the former oil not fetch even \$700 and two copies of the latter failed to sell at the high-end price of \$660. On the other hand, Dowdy sold for \$650, still well above its original cost, and *The Art of Glyn Loxton* went for a healthy \$4,400. As Toronto dealer Edward Horan of Edwards Books & Art says, "Quality will always last." Dealers and bibliophiles such as Horan, watching the birth and growth of limited editions in Canada, have always remained the fact that discussions of them tend to begin by viewing the books as investments & in gold rather than as art.

Despite a long tradition in Europe only in the past few years has Canada begun producing seriously limited numbers of limited editions. Making a steady market, however, the country and its book dealers, unlike the traditional tradition of making high-quality reproductions of the classics in their artwork with the ultimate in beautiful printing and unique materials, resulting in objects that are themselves works of art. Others see no art what whipped tap-

ping is in whipped cream—man-produced, lacking in substance and artificially flavored.

Industries have been drawn to a market which, at its height this past fall, had only experienced two "haluses" (landmarks of Canadian Art, published in the fall of 1978 and still trading at its original \$2,200 price) and 1977's *Tom Thomson: The Salvage and the Storm*, which had dropped from its peak of \$2,300 would be half for about \$1,100, nearly 50 per cent over its original price. (It is interesting to compare with books like *Kev Doherty*, generally considered to have stayed at all in Canada in 1974, which was selling for more than four times its original \$500.) The *Art of Glyn Loxton* which in two years had increased 10 times in value.

Landmarks and Thomson are gener-



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID WENBERGER

which the volumes were scooped up in only partly due to the beauty of Casson's work, for collectors have not forgotten that just two days after his previous book was published last December for \$9,000, a copy was paid for \$15,000. In the world of limited editions you don't necessarily have to know much about art to know what you like.

Despite a long tradition in Europe only in the past few years has Canada begun producing seriously limited numbers of limited editions. Making a steady market, however, the country and its book dealers, unlike the traditional tradition of making high-quality reproduc-

tions of the classics in their artwork with the ultimate in beautiful printing and unique materials, resulting in objects that are themselves works of art. Others see no art what whipped tap-

ping is in whipped cream—a lot of paper and in many cases collectors are paying for the fact of limitation more than for quality. "People want to invest in really exclusive things," says Bernard Loates, publisher of the Canaan books, a leader in the Canadian field and probably good of his hardware.

If the prices seem artificially high it is because the limitations are to a certain extent artificial. But this is not always so. Toronto artist Charles Pachter is hard at work creating 40 prints of what he terms to a medieval illustrated manuscript, *The Metamorphosis of Juno and Moose*, poems by Margaret Atwood, to be ready by the end of the year. It consists of three sets of 30 or 300 limited prints, interspersed with a variety of antique types, designed carefully by Pachter. The drawings are being done directly on the screens from which they will be printed. Pachter's work is distinguished from others by the fact that the pictures are all being done exclusively for the book (the plan of the long-awaited *Coming of Winter* by Bernard Leutes' own *Glyn*, has been changed so that now it will feature all original graphics) and that Pachter, a wood and silk-screen printer, Manuel and Abel Bellosanche are working in the closest collaboration. The number of copies is limited by the endurance of the screens and of the artists involved. The price? Until the end of October it will cost \$4,000 (unless you want one of the 30 being done entirely of Canadian handmade paper), in which case it will cost an additional \$3,000; after that, it will cost \$13,000. Kuphala Pachter: "If I sell one painting today for \$10,000 or \$15,000, it is incomparable for me to sell 30 originals for \$6,000."

Pachter is no newcomer to the field. Between 1964 and 1967 he printed five limited editions, mostly short—*Illustrating Attwood's Poetry* Out of 100, his poem, pillow cases and napkins ingeniously designed by restaurants, he made paper. He drew the drawings, set the type, printed the paper and bound them himself. These editions were limited only by the talents of Pachter's strength. "I'm obsessed with the idea of art on handmade paper. It's intrinsic but it provides the most generous frame of reference for poetry." The books still retain the faint smell of laundry and the ink invites the touch. At the time they sold for \$100 to \$200, last fall one sold for \$4,200. There is nothing more produced about them, one was deleted not by financial considerations but by the need to keep them artworks that have fallen from the human hand.

Fine-quality limited editions are no longer to reproduce. Bernard Loates, for example, lists \$300,000 on *The Art of Glyn Loxton* because of the produc-

tion. Yet as the shoddy works—jazzed-up trade editions with a leather binding and maybe a lithograph thrown in—descend to their true value, the genuine handcrafted and labored-over works will probably continue to increase in price. More than ever, these thinking of diving into these waters have added incentive to invert only in books they want to spend their time with, nothing is as ugly as a white shirt crumpled across a bookshelf.

If the prices seem artificially high it is because the limitations are to a certain extent artificial. But this is not always so. Toronto artist Charles Pachter is hard at work creating 40 prints of what he terms to a medieval illustrated manuscript, *The Metamorphosis of Juno and Moose*, poems by Margaret Atwood, to be ready by the end of the year. It consists of three sets of 30 or 300 limited prints, interspersed with a variety of antique types, designed carefully by Pachter. The drawings are being done directly on the screens from which they will be printed. Pachter's work is distinguished from others by the fact that the pictures are all being done exclusively for the book (the plan of the long-awaited *Coming of Winter* by Bernard Leutes' own *Glyn*, has been changed so that now it will feature all original graphics) and that Pachter, a wood and silk-screen printer, Manuel and Abel Bellosanche are working in the closest collaboration. The number of copies is limited by the endurance of the screens and of the artists involved. The price? Until the end of October it will cost \$4,000 (unless you want one of the 30 being done entirely of Canadian handmade paper), in which case it will cost an additional \$3,000; after that, it will cost \$13,000. Kuphala Pachter: "If I sell one painting today for \$10,000 or \$15,000, it is incomparable for me to sell 30 originals for \$6,000."

Pachter is no newcomer to the field. Between 1964 and 1967 he printed five limited editions, mostly short—*Illustrating Attwood's Poetry* Out of 100, his poem, pillow cases and napkins ingeniously designed by restaurants, he made paper. He drew the drawings, set the type, printed the paper and bound them himself. These editions were limited only by the talents of Pachter's strength. "I'm obsessed with the idea of art on handmade paper. It's intrinsic but it provides the most generous frame of reference for poetry." The books still retain the faint smell of laundry and the ink invites the touch. At the time they sold for \$100 to \$200, last fall one sold for \$4,200. There is nothing more produced about them, one was deleted not by financial considerations but by the need to keep them artworks that have fallen from the human hand.

Fine-quality limited editions are no longer to reproduce. Bernard Loates,

for example, lists \$300,000 on *The Art of Glyn Loxton* because of the produc-

tion. Yet as the shoddy works—jazzed-up trade editions with a leather binding and maybe a lithograph thrown in—descend to their true value, the genuine handcrafted and labored-over works will probably continue to increase in price. More than ever, these

thinking of diving into these waters have added incentive to invert only in books they want to spend their time with, nothing is as ugly as a white shirt crumpled across a bookshelf.

"This encounter has become, since its publication by the Harvard Business Review in 1963, a classic case of how a manager can psychologically defeat a demanding employee. But for Richard Bennett, the Meeting of Dodds and Blackman raises the question of how a seemingly straightforward bit of personnel policy became between the arms of a personal relationship between authority and its servant, Jeanne Dodds. "In no shuns emotionally to make a hardheaded decision about his own career," the answer to the question, which has appeared time and again in how-to-succeed books, takes the reader to the heart of Bennett's new book, *Ambition*.

Bennett is no self-help guru, but a probing social philosopher. Neither is *Ambition* another feel-good manual for the up-and-coming go-getter. Rather, it is the dissection of a war no one is winning—the cycles of rebellion and surrender in politics, business and private life. Bennett studies the battle lines closely as a peacemaker, but not a naive one. As much as he wants us to become soberly aware of the secret structures of power which can turn even enlightened self-interest into grim self-defeat, Bennett sees no end to the presence of power or the need to think it in authority. "Dominating," he writes, "is everywhere ... a necessary social disease."

The scope of *Ambition* (the first of a four-book series which will continue with essays on solitude, festivity and ritual) is breathtaking. But then it is typical of Bennett's recent writing, which comes with confident ease through business, the arts, social sciences and psychology. Only 32, Bennett began his career as an academic anthropologist, but his *The Fall of Public Man* in 1977 marked his emergence as a writer of wide social vision. In discussing the ways in which we have invaded the public and private realms of experience, Bennett drew deeply on our history, theatre, social history and even macabre disputes. While no glib polemicist of the Alvin Toffler School of Cultural Social Research, Bennett is a solid scholar who can communicate in a prose so vivid and concrete that in *Ambition* he can bring an abstract philosopher like Hegel to bedeck in a Boston psychiatrist's hospital to comment seriously on the problems of Helen Rose, a close cousin of Louisa for Mr. Ghoosher's *Theresa Dunn*.

Ambition is a devastating diagnosis of what many call the "authority crisis." But for Bennett, the very notion of a crisis is authority in operation—there will never be anything but the push and pull between masters and servants. The point Bennett makes, convincingly, is that no one writes freestyle. What we



Bennett stuck in a long interview with

We have a limited number of summer vacations from long ago



Come and reexperience all the fun of the gentle, uncommercial past. Holiday at our gracious rustic inn or house, and fill the long unheated days with sunbaths and salt air.

Enjoy tennis, golf, sun-swimming, pool-swimming, cycling, unobtrusive. Go hunting & shooting in the unspoiled village. Dance in Sir William's Lounge. Make friends in the Library Bar. Feel romantic. Feel unencumbered. Feel free.

Reserve your all-inclusive holiday early. While they last! Call toll free: 1-800-259-9420 (Toronto only: 351-8400) or your Travel Agent.

CP Hotels • The Algonquin

10 Atlantic Hotels and Resorts (1-800-259-9420)
Reserve your vacation at the Hotel Center for Corporate Reservations

THANK-YOU SPONSORS

The National Magazine Awards Foundation thanks those corporate or institutional sponsors whose generous support made possible seventeen awards categories and \$12,000 in cash awards for the third annual.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE AWARDS '79

GRANDS PRÉMIS DES MAGAZINES CANADIENS '79

Ambly Fair Limited
Air Canada
Bemar Eaton Limited
Canada Packers Limited
Domino Textile Inc.
Imperial Tobacco Limited
Kodak Canada Limited
MacLennan Advertising Company
McCllland and Stewart Limited
Molson Breweries Limited
Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada
RBC Royal Bank & Wright Limited
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Limited
Toronto Dominion Bank
University of Western Ontario

NATIONAL MAGAZINE AWARDS FOUNDATION

think of as the authority crisis is a deflated sense of freedom. Like Hegel's chapter, we distract anything that questions our absolute authority. Masters, too, are trapped in the same compulsion for re-uying, says Bennett, that today creates our "bonds of repression." Our tribal rebellions tell us tighter to authority, and our emotional life becomes a lifelong adolescent task.

Bennett's tentative proposals for changing the present condition of authority are derived from another of Hegel's ideas: "baggio consciousness"—a kind of rational schizophrenia. Bennett uses as model Franz Kafka's famous letter to his father as an example—a sewage attack blighting Kafka's parent for 12 of the reason in his narrative of a happy life to which he added his father's imagined reply. By taking the both voices, says Bennett, Kafka destroyed his father's irrational power over his life. "This is the work of making authority visible," says Bennett, and the first step toward freedom. His theory of freedom—the labor of exposure—comes down to practice in his fascinating last chapter. Masters should admit they are personally in charge and servants that they are managed. That means giving up our false notions of autonomy and our employer-phoney marks of benevolence—a kind of heartfelt freedom. As distant as such a proposal is from any application in the real world, its bluntness and compassion make *Authority* a powerful book. Unlike poor Dr. Dabbs, Richard Bennett is a hard-headed warden of authority in the contemporary corridors of power.

Bert Teste

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- 1. *Justice Then and Now*, Robert (10)
- 2. *The Bravest Identity*, Leslie (20)
- 3. *Sole, Witness (1)*
- 4. *Ramona Wrote*, Pauline (16)
- 5. *Princess Diana*, Kandy (4)
- 6. *Soldier's People*, Le Clézio (16)
- 7. *The Last Days of Pompeii*, Robert (17)
- 8. *The Bleeding Heart*, French (8)
- 9. *Reign of Angels*, Shostak (8)
- 10. *We Love Lies*, Van Slyke

- 1. *The Thin Wave*, Fialkov (11)
- 2. *The War of Atton (2)*
- 3. *The Headquarters Wife*, Tolson (20)
- 4. *Confession*, Asimov (8)
- 5. *How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation*, Shulman (16)
- 6. *Men in Love*, Fielder (16)
- 7. *Wise Money (17)*
- 8. *Years of Silence*, Givens (16)
- 9. *Jim Fix's Survival Bank II: Retiring*, Fix (16)
- 10. *Fear to Obsess*, Friedman (10)

(1) Previews week

Films



A cantata of craziness

THE BIG RED ONE

Directed by Samuel Fuller

The most intense feelings are the hardest to communicate, and even if they were not clumsy they can still be very powerful—perhaps more powerful, than if they had been carefully considered. *The Big Red One*, written and directed by Samuel Fuller, who is now nearly 80, is Fuller's auto-biographical remembrance of the Second World War and his extraordinary as well as general King of the "I" movies during the '50s and early '60s (he chronicled them out in a few days and for peanuts), based on the New Wave French critics at the time. Fuller has always had his genius sparked by genre, the warlike (*Forty Gun*), the crime drama (*The Naked Kiss*), the war film (*Plan 9 from Outer Space*). His commentary on war in *The Big Red One*—that war is awful—wasn't a comment and is aimed in clichés, yet those clichés, which have been with Fuller for years, achieve a intention, relentless fury. It's as though he had waited long to get it down on screen. In his opinion that, once it does get on, it explodes.

The Big Red One is riddled with us war stories as it is bullet-holes, the greatest one being a stated paroxysm by Ed (Robert Carradine), Fuller's alter ego who, flashes himself, an embryonic Hemingwayishly, the narrative is there to give us our bearings as the more shiftless, besides, it's redundant because there's enough visual clues to tell the story. A story of survival, it follows the fate of a weary sergeant (Lee Marvin) and his young charges in the first infantry division known as "The Big Red One" for its famous shoulder-patch. There's Zulu, Vina (Dolores D'Onofrio), Jenkins (Kathy Ward) and Griff (Mark Hamill), who's trying desperately not to

be a coward. The characters aren't fleshed out, but Fuller is after a larger issue, and he gets one: that's *Goyanesis*.

A cantata of craziness, battered by the big bass crashing chords of Dame Kappoff's score, *The Big Red One* presents war as a series of terrible tableau. In North Africa the French fire on the beached Americans, then, realizing their mistake, run down to the beach to embrace the traps. A soldier speaks a line in a German strength and sees, in the darkness, the baying eyes of dogs waiting for the meat. When a German soldier is shot, Sicilian peasants seek furious revenge on the dead body with their scythes. In the bottle scenes you can hardly talk which side is which and you're probably meant to feel confused.

Wholly, Fuller lets his cameras linger on the faces of soldiers, on both sides, and you can see the seared thoughts behind the bony, fur on the back of heads. In this movie, war goes by brute. In the movie war goes by art.

There's a scene, though, that you won't if you've seen other, cleaner, though prettier ones. When Patti, the woman who comes from a camera in her German uniform, snare waters, close-ups of faces and faces and noses—big rose-orange things for a month of Sundays, each one not to improve upon the one before. With the الذئب shot following dazing shot, the beauty soon wears thin. *The Big Red One* is such a glorification of that it has, ironically, the opposite effect of its intention, each stage snare out the eye before it, we tried to become desensitized, and what was meant to be stunning turns strangely banal.

Why, then, is *The Black Stallion*, which has many of the same visual subjects and even a similar photographic style, a great film and *The Big Red One* not even a good one? The shots in *The*

West, St. Omer, Marais, Carrados, Hamil: second thoughts behind soldiers' bravery

Berthetons, was edited in to put the movie into a more marketable form, see *The Shawshank Redemption*. But Fuller's heartfelt masterpiece has been snubbed. Still *The Big Red One* has an eerie beauty, kind, coarse, in perpetual motion.

Lawrence O'Toole

Pretty baby prettily marooned

THE BLUE LAGOON

Directed by Harold Kravitz

There's such a profusion of beauty in *The Blue Lagoon* that your eyes begin to hedge. The cinematographer, Svenn Larsson (winner of *Days of Heaven*), creates images of such sumptuous purity that you wonder if you are not under-challenged to look at them. When Patti, the woman who comes from a camera in her German uniform, snare waters, close-ups of faces and faces and noses—big rose-orange things for a month of Sundays, each one not to improve upon the one before. With the الذئب shot following dazing shot, the beauty soon wears thin. *The Blue Lagoon* is such a glorification of that it has, ironically, the opposite effect of its intention, each stage snare out the eye before it, we tried to become desensitized, and what was meant to be stunning turns strangely banal.

Why, then, is *The Black Stallion*, which has many of the same visual subjects and even a similar photographic style, a great film and *The Blue Lagoon* not even a good one? The shots in *The*

Black Stallion, in which a boy and a horse are washed ashore on an island after a shipwreck, are organic to the story of the boy's survival. Each shot connects to the next, defining a story-telling rhythm, each is used sparingly and what we could expect in *The Blue Lagoon*, in which a boy and girl find haven after a shipwreck, those same shots are mostly gestures—they're in the service, however. They're pretty. The director, Randal Kleiser (Gone With the Wind), uses them to EBB the drama. Purists, turnes and remakes are used as punctuation—most

mas and colors between scenes.

The boy, Richard, and the girl, Renée, are saved to share by the ship's cook (Les McKee). He does and the two soon reach tenderness in the person of Christopher Atkins and Brooke Shields. Theirs is a classic, they play house, fall and hurt, painted and frolicked free from the constraints of convention. And they swim without the constraints of clothes. Boys do they swim; there was less than a quarter mile to jump in the old oil storage. So, when Boon, Renée's mom, is trying to restrain Richard, he keeps having these funny thoughts:

What does tourism mean to you?

To Canadians & visitors
one million jobs



To Canadians & visitors over
5.1 billion annually

- 1 in 100 jobs come from the tourism and recreation industry
- 47 million visitors visit Canada and spend money here
- 47% of visitors to Canada are from the United States
- 47% of visitors to Canada are from the United States

visit to Canadian life.

Tourism is important
to all of us

SOURCE: INDUSTRY ASSOCIATION OF CANADA
COURTESY OF THE CANADIAN TOURISM COMMISSION

Then he starts feeling funny. Soon, they are having fun. Richard says to Renée, "Will you stop eating? You'll get fat," while Renée does every pose in sight. One evening, Renée, her tummy mysteriously distended and howling with pain, looks down at the ground and finds, much to her surprise, a baby. Soon the baby is swimming. More underwater photography.

Considering the tone, I expect for movie, *The Blue Lagoon* may produce another kind of beauty. It's got everything: the tenderness, the innocence. And though the story is set at the turn of the century, both Atkins and Atkins speak in a decidedly modern register. And oddly enough, neither girl was single people. Did that bring a spark of chlorine with them?

It is not unreasonable to suppose that two small children would forget some of the ways of civilization, having been alone on a South Pacific Island for years? Richard and Renée are amably well-managed and so is *The Blue Lagoon*. It may show two spectacularly attractive young people without their clothes, yet it's markedly Victorian. (They discover religion and seem much more taken with it than us.) The movie gives us the beauty of human nature basking in the splendor of physical nature. The director, screenwriter and cinematographer haven't made a movie you havea found a congenital concern.

L.T.

Shane and Atkins: not just attractive people



Theatre

Gambling with the greasepaint

A REPROBLENT WEDDING
by Forrest Fyre
Directed by Denis Gagné

PUTTING ON THE RITE
by Irving Berlin
Directed by Don Shapley

THE PHRANGLER
by George Bernier Shaw
Directed by Paul Reynolds

B

ornstein's *Reproblent* is a Reproblent Wedding, the highlight as far as artistic director Christopher Newton's See debut season at the Shaw Festival, is a brutal, self-destructing parable—in little more than an hour, Shaw's most sacred social ceremony is literally dismembered, leaving the newlyweds partially separated and the shrubbery of the wedding intact.

Mark Godby's production of this agony-in-force is expert. Between the frenzied entrance of the wedding party, opening in chaotic bubble and the prelude-mate-and-falling confrontation between husband and wife (Lou Ziegler and Nira Melchior), the catastrophes mount: the food decomposes from barely palatable to completely inedible, the bride's younger sister (Francais Willer) is rebuffed by the uninvited guest (Graig-Wyn Davies), a wife (Dawn Douglas) tosses her husband (Al Kondis) unmercifully until he drags her off to some unnameable bleeding.

The running-joke metaphor underlying the play is the furniture—the grooms has proudly built it all himself but he used bad glue on. The civilization, it keeps collapsing. It's always a shock to see chairs destroyed, bed frames, vacuum cleaners and windows shattered onstage. ("OH! Look, dear—this really breaks the glass!") but the shock value wears off. The stage students are judiciously dressed and extremely timed as they are here. The effect of all this adroitly unsophisticated stage business is to strip the audience of its inhibitions now so that a girl of sixteen is seduced and a bunch of human worthies faint. The cast responds without flinching to the rawness of physical and emotional demands of this play which quavers between comedy and tragedy like a ginger counter gone berserk, only

to feel offensiveness, unexpectedly, in the backdrop of desire.

Patinin on the *Rite* is a lively, send-up comic revue influenced from the music of Irving Berlin. For Berlin's all the world was a song sheet, but Ken Mandeloff's雌雄混杂 set is sophisticated art deco, the costumes toots and top hat, the result being that the patterns of glitter orange both the wide-ranging lyrics and Judith Marlowe's erratic choreography.

Berlin was the most ticklish of composers, yet director Don Shapley updates Berlin into a natty nightcap with a spritzy interplay. In *Love in a Puff* a bit laterally, a drowsy *Reproblent* *Wedding* becomes a maturing *Status of Liberty* (Graig-Wyn Davies), which may offend the more puritanical despite clever inventiveness. Mark Godby gets a sentence from the start: her face is poised in a pregnant mask ready to spill out emotion at the drop of a gross note, while her body makes rhythmic pants like a passionately logical argument. The show really starts bursting in the second half with an ensemble tap-dancing routine, and Mandeloff scores his most outrageous creation, infobius a Manhattan skyline top hat and luggage headgear with live bird, for the final numbers.

"If you want to know what I was like," wrote Shaw, "read *The Philanderer* and eat *IT* for the part of Julia and me for that of Charlotte." Indeed, the playwright spiced another himself for *IT* (a show closer of long standing). Thus Ian plays Julia with impudent yet unfathomable mysteriousness, running through the "Advanced" (I think) interpretation of Charlotte's Club. Charlotte (Christopher Newland) takes offhand advantage of women's revolutionary consciousness (this is the 1800s) in flitter hearts, including Julia's, without giving her own away.

Shaw never completely owns to



Reproblent, Ziegler in *'A Reproblent Wedding'*; Hopkins, Walker, Newton in *'The Philanderer'*; McCarthy in *'IT'* (all in the Shaw); Mandeloff's *greasepaint* caper

series with the truth of his darker nature (Charlotte is bluntly told, "I don't think you like to be loved too much"), perhaps because it touched him so deeply. The result is a confused hybrid of anti-warrior (Graig-Wyn), sulfurous and raunchy breast-beating which Paul Reynolds' production makes to the fa-

ran wrap, carefully preserving the final letter moment when John gives up on Charlotte and resigns himself to a lonely marriage.

The supporting cast, especially Susan Wright's Phoebe and Newton's Charlotte, a perpetual dynamo blessed with excellent comic timing, propels the action tirelessly through its lengthy dialogue. This early, quirky Shaw is, in fact, typical of this season's shows in featuring solid ensemble playing and solo performances which, while outstanding, are at least equally competent. Newton's wish to mould a unified acting company appears to be coming true, and the word from the box-office is that it is possible an ad-intermission progression has been worth the risk.

Mark Carneiro

A window in a bright corner

Léonard's enables the housing fields of Quebec's Eastern Townships, once a proper who-chaps-to-who-chaps-in-the-hills situation. Now, with its native galleries to l'heure, the region has lost its purity in a floriferous bilingual manner which bears copper talk shift from English to French with the passing of the salt. In gradus, stiff-tipped surrender, the surviving Anglophones maintain their patrician French and place-preserved country airs and manage to remain a vibrant, contributing outpost of English Canada's cultural hinterland. Meanwhile, behind those tidy tiles and studded armoires, there are in Ottawa and Quebec City fonctionnaires who tout the Townships' bucolic vigor like an unwhetted abomination. While Léonard's summer festival of Canadian theatre has established a respected place in the country's arts calendar—it will season open this month with three English-language plays—bilingualism in both capitals is employing the life-support system.

Despite the determination of enterpreneurs to attract French-speaking theatregoers, Quebec authorities refused this year to distribute festival publicity in provincial tourist offices. The reason? Because the brochure is bilingual and, in deference to Quebec language law, completely separates French and English surtitles are demanded. Provincial arts funding is down this year to \$12,500, half the amount granted the year before the Parti Québécois rose to power. At least part of the problem is history, says festival founder and executive director David Ellithorne: "There's no major French surtitles theatre—it's not part of their cultural na-



leone's professional Théâtre de l'Atelier, whose general manager, Michel Bergeron, is promoting Festival Léonard's to his own subscribers. Replies Bergeron: "We want to develop taste for theatre and we can do so by moving beyond the language lines—each of us could share 45 per cent of the other's clientele." Bergeron, whose government grants have increased, says Festival Léonard's is seen as a competitor for funds with purely regional theatres: "It should be accepted as a national festival at the same level as Stratford."

Festival Léonard's itself wants to be the showcase for Canadian plays performed at least once in regional theatres. W.G. Maxwell's whimsical *The Black Bouquet* of Walter MacCormack delighted the eastern audience with its tender poking at French pride and suspicion as the village cobbler and winter train up to bat the devil at his own game. Hugh Webster as MacCormack and Michael Ball as Brian make the cobbler's son a good-natured terrorist for MacCormack's 15-year mark at the Macdonald Room. *Black Bouquet's* best laughs came in the second act's match itself, played on a barefooted court of wood and watered vinyl with accomplished actors from a local club slaking their rocks from affluvia.

The most courageous and successful play of the season is Sharon Pollock's *Our Tiger* at a JAM based on a hostage-taking incident in a British Columbia penitentiary where guards killed inmates and a female rehabilitation officer was removed to be sexually involved with her captor. Fraught with potential for execrable pity for contract-killer Tommy Paul, played by Brian Paul, the performance, under the direction of Richard O'Connor, manages to maintain suspense and sympathy for all the characters. It also survives the necessary grey area of its theme and set.

The Canadian west in Peter Colling's *I'll Be Back for You* (with a night stagecoach ride, Westernia à l'heure) is a bittersweet, bittersweet, bittersweet. Values such as innovation, blackmail, values and, of course, depth. The script is sometimes as messy as the farmhouse floor and the effects grisly—the sister's vendetta best is blizzed into brightness—but as a thriller it works, particularly for kids who remained in the action "Don't just do it."

Festival Léonard's 1980 season is thoroughly professional and provides audiences, both French- and English-speaking, with a window on most English-Canadian theatre—and one in a corner of the house that enjoys some of the country's best light. David Thomas



Wendy Cress, Guy Bouchard in "I'll Be Back for You" (with a night stagecoach ride, Westernia à l'heure). Director: Peter Colling. Stage designer: Pauline Gagnon. Set designer: Pauline Gagnon. Costumes: Pauline Gagnon. Hair: Don't Just Do It

times." Federal patronage, low, is participation down from last year's \$100,000 to \$75,000 while local French-language theater funding went up as governments apply formulas based on local audience potential. "None of the normal numbers are going to work in a minority situation," said Rittenhouse, starring screen-savvy Linda Mason in *Applause*.

Encouragingly, more support is coming from the region's majority francophone society, including nearby Sher-

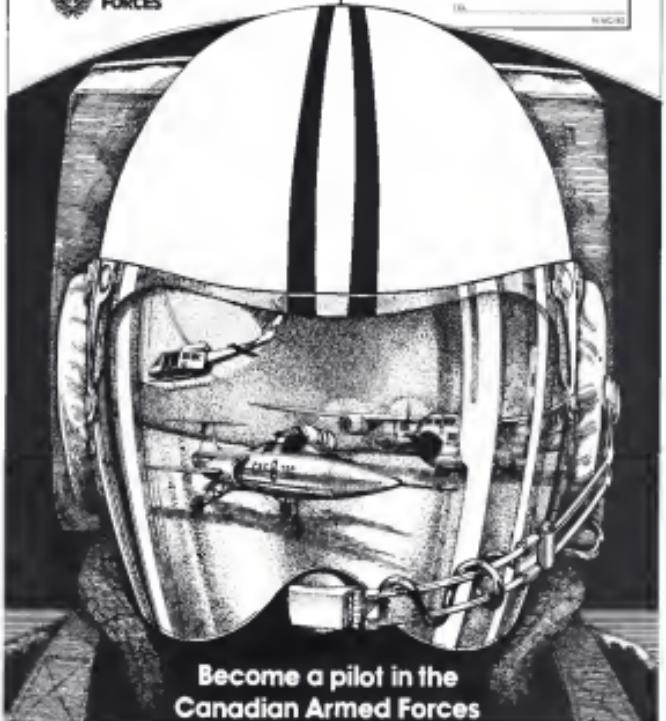
A CAREER YOU CAN BE PROUD OF

If you possess an admirable high school diploma, if you have the get-up-and-go, if you can make instant decisions, you too can be a pilot with the Canadian Armed Forces. So try your wings. A lasting and successful career can be yours in the Regular or Reserve Forces.



FOR MORE INFORMATION, CONTACT YOUR NEAREST
CANADIAN FORCES RECRUITING CENTRE. WE'RE
IN THE YELLOW PAGES UNDER RECRUITING OR
RETURN THIS COUPON TO:
RECRUITING AND SELECTION
NATIONAL DEFENCE HEADQUARTERS
OTTAWA, ONTARIO K1A 0K2

NAME		
ADDRESS		
CITY	PROVINCE	POSTAL CODE
100-1000		



Become a pilot in the
Canadian Armed Forces

Column

A summertime fantasy: let the good times roll

By Allan Fotheringham

THE sun is still, for the summer vacation, in the Free Enterprise Country Round. When you buy one item per customer, Marks will be satisfied for promptness of reply—and customers themselves must be to replicate.

3. Premier Bill Davis of Ontario, Miss Piggy's version of a statesman, is attending the Republican presidential nomination in Detroit. Do you believe this is because:

- (a) he secretly envies Ronald Reagan's hair cut?
- (b) he secretly envies Ronald Reagan's rapid rise?
- (c) he openly envies Ronald Reagan's eye-ridicules?

2. You are a Calgary housewife. Whom do you regard, considering the peril that the Heritage Fund may fall over one day from its own weight and break your neck, as the Mr. Worth of Canada?

- (a) Max Lakehead?
- (b) Mr. Trudeau?
- (c) Harold Ballard?

3. The Liberal Party of Canada, one of the great charitable organizations of our time, has adopted as its new party president a Household Finance vice-president by the name of Norman MacLeod. What do you think are his prospects of being appointed to the Senate of Canada, that advanced Valkyrie of high moods, distinguished (though not fat) ladies?

- (a) considerable?
- (b) six months?
- (c) when his Charles runs out?

4. Identify, by name, within 10 seconds, Canada's External Affairs minister. How can you tell?

5. Compare the odds of the Toronto Argonauts becoming the Grey Cup champions to the Montrealers with the Liberal government's ability of exploiting, by the same date, how it is now going to have to raise the price of gasoline at the same rate as the Joe Clark government.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for the *PP News Service*.



3. The biggest current issue in the city of Toronto, the largest and supposedly most sophisticated city of the realm, is that Major John Scerl was caught attending a live sex show in Amsterdam, while an expense-account over-dates. Since Toronto prides all advanced trench, does this indicate:

- (a) approval?
- (b) envy?
- (c) basic ignorance of the income tax department's principle that whatever you do is just a variation of a big Mist? With whipped cream?
- 3. Compose a fantasy Imagine an imaginary nation, the richest, most advanced, innovative and ingenious country in the history of mankind, that is seriously contemplating electing a 60-year-old movie star as its head of state. This is all fantasy. Let your imagination roll. Keep it down to \$10,000 words.
- 3. What happened to Joe Clark? How can you tell?



3. We would have to take place. 4. Harold Ballard has not reached Dreyfus' status for at least a fortnight, is this because (a) the Toronto headlines have been removed with the Olympics?

- (b) Harold has been into the hash?
- (c) Harold, the ultimate boy-joy surrounding a man, has decided to harness Tiger-Cats and publicly more?

(d) a phantom Eastern attempt to adapt to frontier saloon habits?

(e) the traditional Liberal thirst for power?

(f) the pay of being in power, again, with a majority government, achieved without western support? Think carefully.

13. If asked to select from the bunch of Herb Gray withdrawals, which would you choose?

12. In a war-craft contest between Peter Lougheed and Bill Bennett, would there be a winner? Explain.

13. John Crosbie's wife, explaining what happened to her husband's famous tongue and the fact of the Crosbie government, says: "The doctor was too soon, but the doctor died." Do you feel there is a connection between Terry and the doctor's wife? Please submit the last withdrawal from Alton Mudaliar's book proof.

14. What do you feel is the real date of Pierre Trudeau's retirement?

(a) 1983?

(b) when he patronizes the constitution?

(c) *Grenville Book of World Records?*
Rejoice on your answer.

15. Give your true feelings on your desire for the Toronto Argonauts to reach the Grey Cup (Bitterness from Alberta will be given special consideration.)

16. Compose a fantasy Imagine an imaginary nation, ruled by a man who was elected on the promise that if elected he would quit, who then threatened the province that if they didn't agree with him on the constitution he would create one on his own, and warns his potential successors that anyone who pushes for someone's hopes will be severely punished. This is a fantasy let your imagination roll.

CRAVEN "A"

FILTERS BEST

for good taste in smoking!



CRAVEN "A" The Best Family of Mildness.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—so do not smoke! Average per cigarette—King Size Filter "Tar" 12 mg Nic 0.9 mg Regular Filter "Tar" 8 mg Nic 0.5 mg.

The Alberta Vodka Tie Breaker



THE TIE BREAKER

Into tall glass with crushed ice pour in 1-1/2 oz. Alberta Vodka. Add 2 oz. pineapple juice and fill with club soda. Garnish with slice of pineapple.

Now, that's a sure-fire winner.

Make it with one of Canada's most popular vodkas.